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Vol. CCIV, No. 2659
JANUARY 27, 1951

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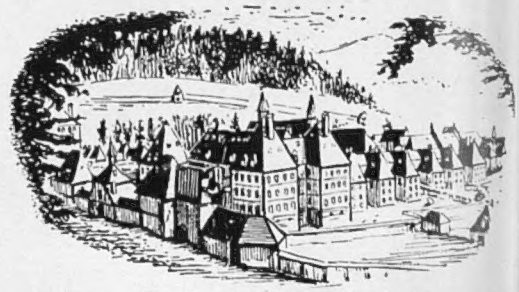

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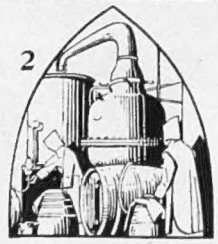

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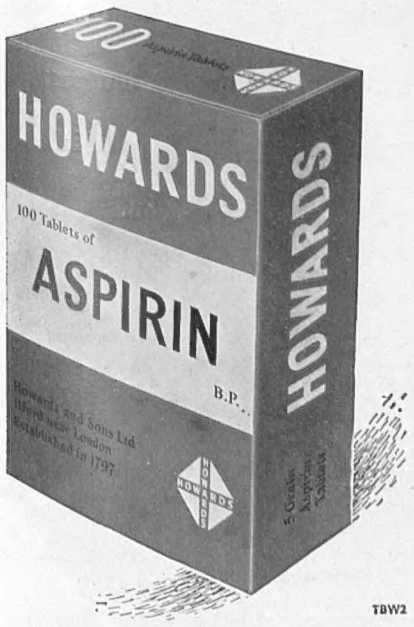

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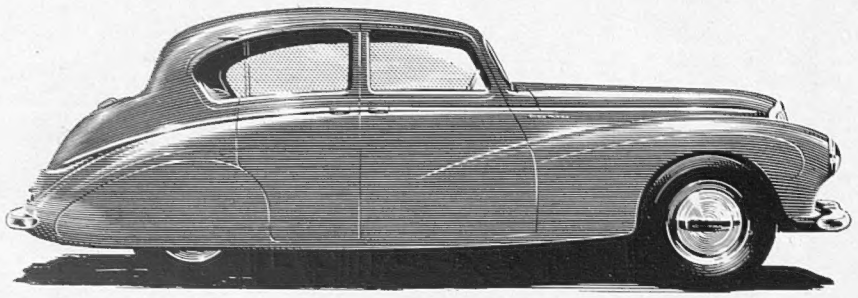

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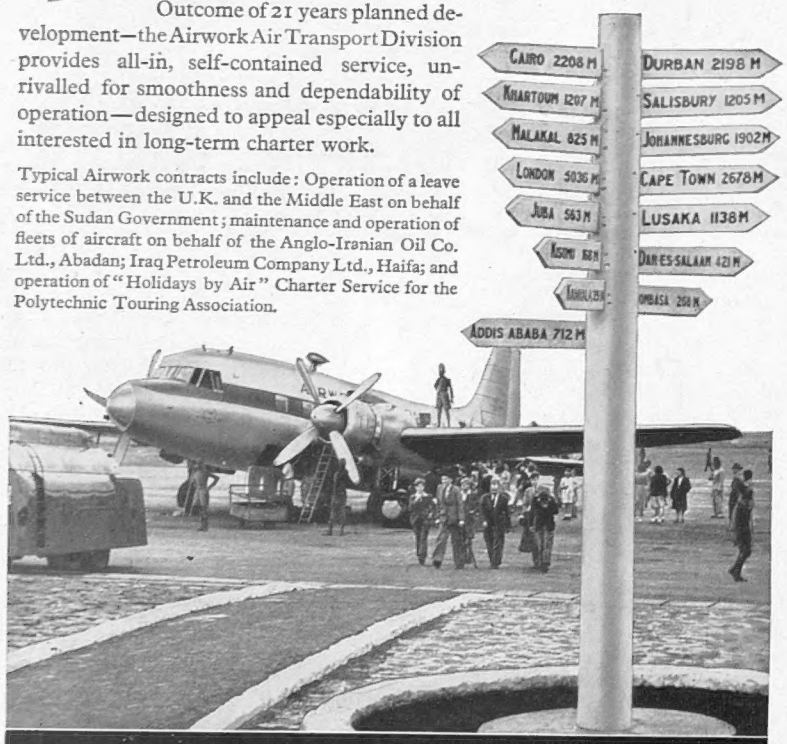

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Volume CCIV No. 2659

The SPHERE, London, January 27, 1951

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE WRECK OF THE "TAPTI" ON "THE DUTCHMAN'S CAP"—THE BRITISH MOTOR-SHIP OF 6,600 TONS ON THE ROCKS OF SOA ON THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND, AFTER THE CREW HAD BEEN TAKEN OFF IN A DRIVING GALE: The *Tapti*, sailing in ballast from Manchester to Newcastle via the north of Scotland, struck the rocks during the hours of darkness, and then settled with a 60-degree list. Lifeboats from Mallaig and Barra came on the scene to take the crew to Tobermory.

Sixty-two survivors, including fifty-one lascars and a Chinese, were taken from the motor-ship *Tapti*, after she ran aground on the rocks between the islands of Coll and Tiree, off the Scottish west coast. At the time of the disaster (9.40 p.m.) there was a north-westerly gale, and heavy rain which reduced visibility. Most of the crew were in bed. When it was seen that there was no immediate danger of sinking, the crew dressed and awaited the arrival of the lifeboats from Mallaig and Barra, which had answered distress signals. The lifeboats arrived shortly after three o'clock in the morning, but the order to abandon ship was not given immediately. This was done after the engine-room had been flooded to a depth of 6 ft. and the pumps had been put out of action through the failure of the generators. Last Monday the *Tapti* slid off the rocks and sank in deep waters. (See also page 113 of this issue.)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Shuffling the Pack.—"Nobody who is anybody" seemed to think much of the inevitable shuffle of the rather greasy pack before Parliament reassembled. It was a very mild affair, though two jacks moved their positions to others near the aces. The Labour Ministry needs driving force, and will need it more and more this year. Mr. Bevan is believed to have it. But this vital department will need oil; and tactful handling of the inevitable troubles that lie ahead in the task of readjusting the labour force to its dual role, will be a first essential. Tact has not hitherto been Mr. Bevan's strong suit. Perhaps he will recommend himself to dockers more warmly than to doctors. Indeed, we may be sure of that. Mr. Marquand cannot fail to be a relief to the medicos. Dr. Dalton rises again after a comparatively long decline. He is named a new sort of Pooh-Bah, to co-ordinate half-a-dozen irreconcilable interests and to make a bread-pudding of crumbs which have dropped from other tables. One such crumb is *housing*. And Mr. Isaacs, humbly enough, accepts extra-Cabinet office and will do what he can with pensions. And so in the hour of acutest danger, when national unity is regarded as essential, the shuffle brings up two men (whose records as administrators since 1945 have not been 100 per cent. applauded) who have done as much as any to inflame class hatred. Perhaps they are reformed characters. I bank on Mr. Bevan at the start using the oil-can in his dealings with that smaller section of our labour force among whom he is not at present a hero.

AFTER THE JUBILEE TEST MATCH—LINDSAY HASSETT, CAPTAIN OF THE VICTORIOUS AUSTRALIAN TEST TEAM WHICH HAD JUST WON THE THIRD MATCH OF THE SERIES AND RETAINED THE ASHES, RECEIVING A TROPHY FROM THE HANDS OF MR. S. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES CRICKET ASSOCIATION: All the players on both sides, also managers, scorers and umpires, received miniature trophies and, in addition, there was a giant trophy for the winning team in this Test Match celebrating Australia's jubilee of federation. For Hassett it was a memorable occasion, for as Bradman's former second-in-command, he had revealed himself a competent successor and an outstanding leader on the field.

Planned Economy.—Ministers are not like poets, unfortunately or fortunately for them. With the exception of the premiers, foreign secretaries and chancellors, their names are all clean forgotten a year or so after they are out of office. Who could give a 50 per cent. list of the last twelve Home Secretaries or Presidents B.O.T.? True, a few poets, like Pye or Austin, are remembered only for their absurdities, just as a very few minor Ministers may survive in memory for their peculiarly gross incompetence. It is a reflection which might induce a certain humility in ministers and politicians. The poet is often humble, the modern "statesman" usually cocksure and bumptious and insistent on his wisdom, providence and consistency. Just now, I am wondering how many of the Ministers responsible for the first "planned economy" Ministry will be remembered ten years hence—and (more interesting speculation) *why*? Mr. Attlee, of course, in right of Premiership. Mr. Addington and the Duke of Grafton are still remembered. Cripps, no doubt. Bevin, because he was so constantly "in the news," for better or for worse. Of the rank and file of these Socialist Ministries, I should say that they stood a better chance of survival in memory than most, but not for a very flattering reason. They stood (or fall) on their claims for the virtues of a planned economy, and that profession condemns all too many of them out of hand, as Pyes of incompetence and as Alfred Austins of absurdity. Their "economy" has been a scandal, their plans have been too often futile. I am sure, in the long winter evenings a decade hence, we shall still recall the names of our Fuel Ministers. I am sure we shall remember Mr. Strachey and his bumptious optimism and openhandedness with our money; and Mr. Bevan is assured of at least ten-years notoriety, if he live so long. He will see to that. For half-a-dozen more whom I could name, who have administered departments vital for our defence on land, sea and in the air, or for our domestic economy in the past few years, it is a nice question for speculation whether they have been incompetent enough to be remembered as Pyes, or will benefit from the common lot of the mediocre and be mercifully forgotten.

Mr. Attlee is Unique.—That Mr. Attlee has made his permanent niche in history, I have already said, and will add knobs to my belief. In its way it will be a niche more unique than Mr. Churchill's. For Pitt, and perhaps one or two more, might share Mr. Churchill's. No other Premier can stand in Mr. Attlee's. By all agreement, he took his great office in 1945 with a reputation for great statesmanship and leadership still to be made. He is inconspicuous, not given to verbosity, not persuasive in oratory, not romantic or big in personality. An excellent chairman, a very good and shrewd party-leader, but hardly to be called a nation leader or world figure. And in the course of six years of administration he has (whether deservedly or by sheer unforeseeable bad luck) met as many snags, failures, disappointments and disasters as have fallen to the lot of any "peacetime" administration one can cite. If much has been achieved (the merit of which only time can pronounce upon), so much has gone wrong in every sphere of domestic and international politics and economy that (even though all these failures and disasters be regarded as sheer bad luck) the student of history must marvel that Mr. Attlee remains. But he not only remains Premier. He remains unshaken, impenitent, cock-a-hoop. In the last year, he has held power with what, by common consent (1949), was an "utterly unworkable majority." He has faced the sharpest challenges inside and outside the House and in his own party. Any other Premier in history, pricked by such pointed hints, has made concessions, yielded a little in compromise to Opposition or other critics. Not so Mr. Attlee. He yields nothing. He admits no error. He knows that, if war came, public opinion would scream out for his replacement; he knows that majority opinion has branded half-a-dozen of his Ministers as utterly incompetent. He remains in power, calm and outwardly confident and will remain as long as it suits him before he risks defeat at the polls. He keeps his party comrades on the big pay-roll. Is there any other instance in our history of such confidence, persistence and obstinacy in the face of such set-backs?

"All Right on the Night."—A statesman (or a party) which is prepared to (and constantly does) tell the nation "I know that I can save my country and that nobody else can" must be presumed to have made the claim soberly. That claim was the Socialists' chief plank in 1945 and 1949. Such a claim and vow can only be like the marriage vow, "in sickness and in health." It must envisage bad luck, rough weather, imponderable chances. It cannot possibly be hedged with conditions. "If everything goes well and nothing unforeseen occurs, I will save the country." The unforeseen was as obvious as the foreseen in 1945 and onwards. The Test cricket captain who leads a team to Australia allows for the possibility of sticky wickets, and chooses his bowlers accordingly. He accepts the glorious chances of the game. The shipbuilder allows for the possibility of occasional dirty weather in the bay, the man who puts up a marquee for a reception fixes it against the possibility of a summer gale. Not so the enthusiastic amateurs of a planned economy. They spend first and plan afterwards. They assure themselves and us that it will be all right on the night. Ground-nuts, for instance; or coal. That greater production would burn more coal, that a cold winter (which occasionally occurs) would eat up domestic stocks, did not occur to them. It is *not* all right on the night. If Russia had been co-operative, if China had eaten out of our hand, if everybody had been willing to play cricket (our national game), it would all have worked out admirably—the perfect Welfare State, a planned economy, social justice, the highest possible standard of living, homes for heroes, order, system, freedom from want and anxiety, peace on earth. Unfortunately, it rained and the wicket got sticky. The plenty, the order, the system, have all been bowled out for a duck, and the "ashes" of English statesmanship have been shovelled into an urn to be placed in Mr. Attlee's niche against the day when he occupies it in marble.

Festival of Shoddy?—One object of the Festival of Britain, I believe, is to tell the world of the range and merits of our industrial products. It is a reasonable and desirable object, for many of our products, important and trivial, are of outstanding merit and finish. Unfortunately, the proportion of such products deserving such praise has in the last decade continued to fall. It may be (for the Festival's sake one hopes it is) the case that this serious retrogression does not apply to products intended for export, but only to the lesser products designed for the home market. Among such articles for domestic use, clothing and utensils in particular, the decline in merit and finish is patent and shameful. Ask any housewife for her views on the "life" and worthiness of almost any metal utensil, be it a saucepan or a sweeper, or such things as a housemaid's brush, compared with similar objects a decade ago, and her answer will be trenchant. For men, too, ready-made haberdashery is shapeless, shoddy and short-lived. The buttons of shirts and vests, mechanically attached with packthread, are half-unravelled when sold, and seldom survive a couple of washes. The cheaper socks are shapeless and shrink (as do all woollen goods still obtainable) at every washing. After three washes, the heel has moved to the centre of the sole. And as for Zips, give me the old-fashioned laces and straps and buttons. Even in the admirable motor-car industry, the finish and worth of many gadgets on the small range of cheaper cars available to the citizen has fallen away grievously. "Nothing works nowadays," the pessimistic critic might not very unreasonably, if pettishly, declare. In the home market, at any rate, the age of shoddy is triumphant. It is something new (or comparatively new) in Britain, whose word was its bond in the shop windows for generations. But let us hope that no home-market products will be risked in the Festival display rooms. We are out for advertisement.

The Beverage as Before.—Positively we must end on a cheerful note. There can't be much wrong with British broadcasting, if Lord Beveridge has no far-reaching, basic reforms to suggest; if an increase in salaries of a handsome sort for the principals is among the few reforms proposed. And, indeed, I fancy most fair-minded men will agree that this nation has much to be proud of and little of which to be ashamed, in the record of the B.B.C. over the past years. It has to cater for every taste, for every range of intellect and degree of education, for minds trivial and serious, for nitwits and grave professors, for the sad and the joyous, for those who hold out their hands for the small change of recreation and for those who ask for knowledge and uplift. A majority of us are still ill-educated and light-minded. As a race we are by no means fools, but by no means remarkable for wisdom, *gravitas* and love of learning. What we get in our twelve-hour menu every day in the year is a mixed diet of trifles and solid fare. If trifles predominate, that is because the cold-roast-beef eaters are in a minority. The fare, such as it is, is served cleanly, decently, punctually, impartially and cheaply. *This* British Restaurant pays; it does not need to advertise. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. It might be far worse.

THE OLD STAGER

THE "TAPTI" ON THE ROCKS OF SOA

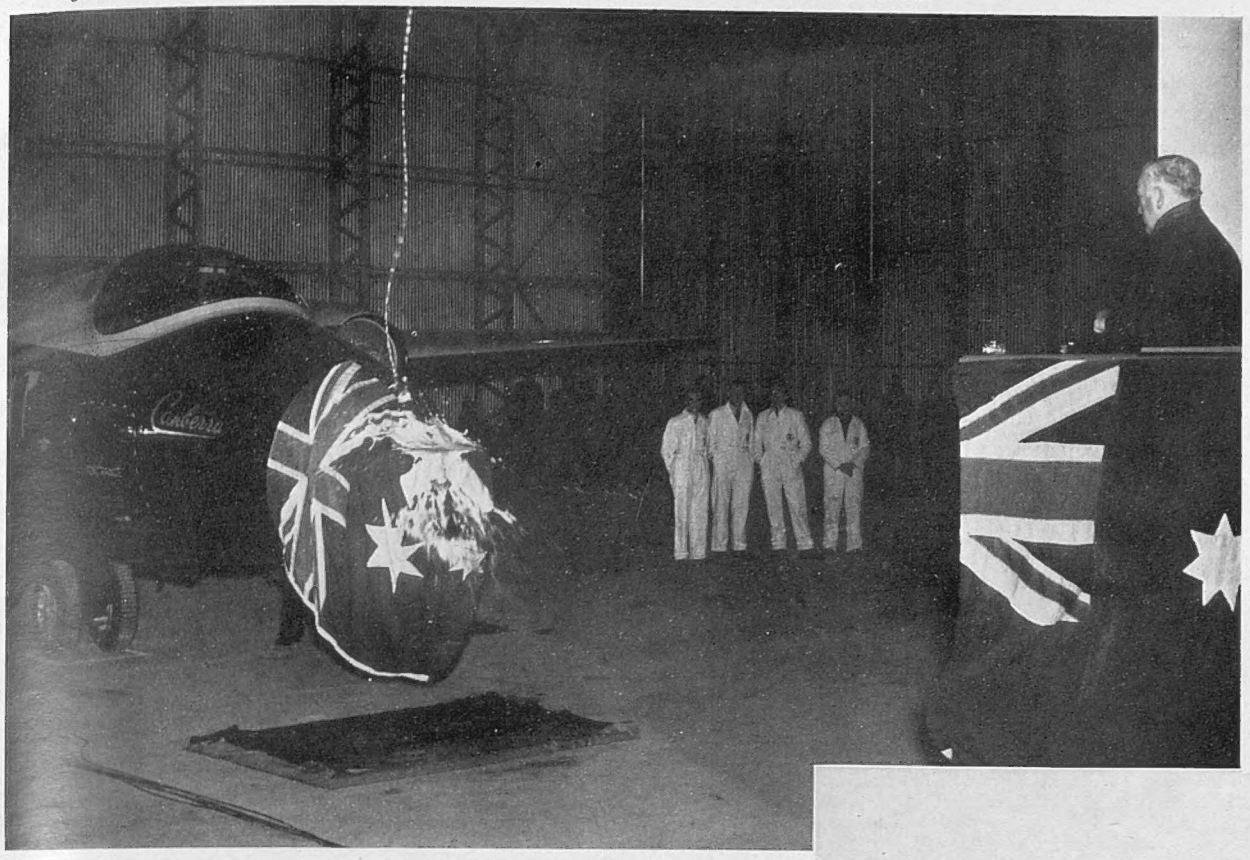
The 6,600-ton Freighter After She Had Been Abandoned by Her Crew

THE "TAPTI" BEING POUNDED TO DESTRUCTION ON "THE DUTCHMAN'S CAP": *Above and below*—The 6,600-ton freighter seen at the mercy of the waves after her crew had been taken off. The sixty-two survivors, including fifty-one lascar seamen and one Chinaman, were at first taken to Tobermory, where they were given a hot meal and warm clothing, and later landed at Oban, where they entrained for Glasgow. John Skinner, second officer of the *Tapti*, said: "The lifeboatmen were magnificent. Some of them gave their coats to the shivering lascars, and one of them even gave his socks to a lascar who was shivering from the cold." The Soa rocks lie between the islands of Coll and Tiree, in the hazardous Sound of Gunna.

AMERICAN ARMOUR EMERGES FROM STEEL STORAGE TANKS

How Vast Quantities of War Material Have Been Preserved in Eight Huge Arms Dumps

WEASELS, AMPHIBIOUS CARGO-CARRIERS, COMPACTLY STORED IN LARGE STEEL CONTAINERS, WHICH ARE NOW IN COURSE OF BEING DISMANTLED AT EIGHT HUGE ARMS DUMPS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES : Combat vehicles, guns, and a host of other equipment have been preserved in this way by the Americans, who are now bringing it out and preparing it for action. The picture *below* shows M 24 tanks after emerging from their steel tanks at the Letterkenny Arms Dump in Pennsylvania. An intricate system of air-conditioning keeps the material in first-class condition in these storage tanks, and there is apparently no rust or deterioration of any kind. Much of this material is now being despatched by the United States to allies with whom she has contracted arms aid agreements.

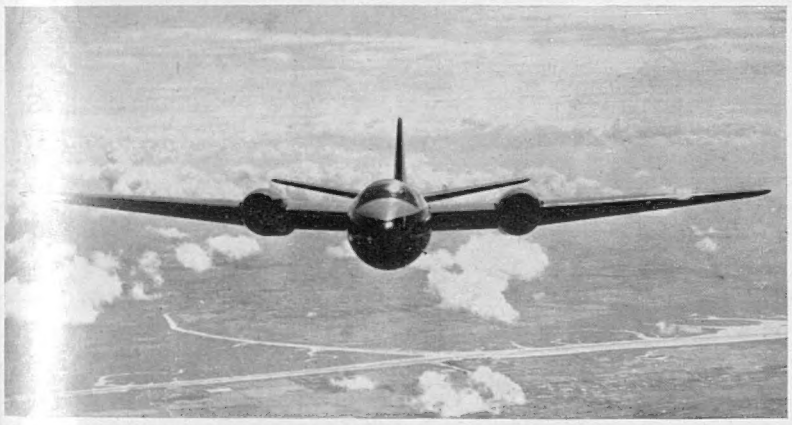


THE CHRISTENING CEREMONY IN THE HANGAR AT BIGGIN HILL, KENT: Mr. R. G. Menzies inaugurating the R.A.F.'s first jet bomber which he named after the Australian Federal capital. A bottle of Australian sparkling wine was broken over the nose of the plane, which was draped with the Australian flag. The ceremony was attended by United Kingdom and Australian Government representatives, and by senior officers of the Royal Air Force, the R.A.A.F. and the U.S. Air Force.

MR. MENZIES NAMES THE CANBERRA

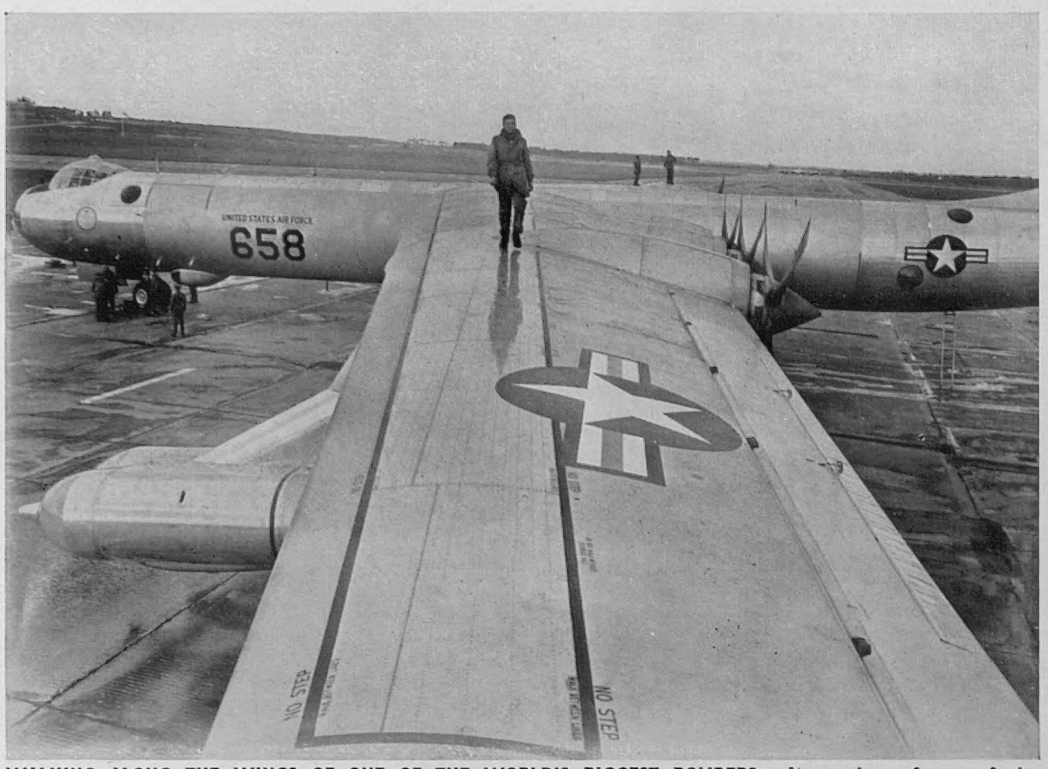
The Australian Premier Breaks Australian Wine Over the R.A.F.'s First Jet Bomber

Britain has lately had to accept the use of foreign-made bombers in the Royal Air Force, but there is satisfaction in the fact that jet bombers are now beginning to roll off the production-line in Britain, and that they are in demand by other countries. These bombers are the Canberra Mark II, the first active-service model of which has now been delivered to the R.A.F., and which was christened last week by Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia. The Canberra, which is going into squadron service with the R.A.F. this year and is to be manufactured by no fewer than four companies in Britain, will also be made in Australia, and one is about to be flown to the United States for tests by the U.S.A.F. It will probably be made later in America. The Canberra's speed is still secret, as also are its load-carrying capacity and range, but there seems every probability that in operation it will more than justify the good opinion of it formed during trials. Although the accent is on high speed, sweep-back has been considered unnecessary in the Canberra on the grounds that it would show comparatively little advantage at the speed likely to be obtained within the life of the chosen power units.



THE CANBERRA MARK II IN FLIGHT (*left*), AND STARTING UP ON THE RUNWAY AT BIGGIN HILL AFTER BEING NAMED BY MR. MENZIES, THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL PREMIER: Britain's first jet bomber has been designed and built by the English Electric Company, and will be going into squadron service with the R.A.F. this year. It is to be manufactured by Short Brothers, Handley Page and Avro, as well as the parent company, and to keep pace with the increased air-frame output its Rolls-Royce Avon turbine jet engines are to be made by Bristols, Napiers and A. W. Hawkesley Limited, in addition to Rolls-Royce at Derby and Glasgow

THE BOMBER WHICH HAS PROVED ITSELF IN TRIALS NO LESS SURELY THAN THE COMET AIR-LINER: The Canberra has been designed for operation at much higher altitudes than the conventional piston-engined bombers now used by the Royal Air Force as well as for speeds much nearer the velocity of sound. Both crew members of the Canberra are provided with ejector seats and sit in tandem with the pilot offset a few inches to port for better vision.



WALKING ALONG THE WINGS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BOMBERS : A member of one of the crews of the six visiting B 36D bombers seen standing above an engine nacelle. Six of these great bombers, which are even larger than the Bristol Brabazon, paid a visit last week to Lakenheath R.A.F. Station, Suffolk, after a flight of more than 5,000 miles from base at Fort Worth, Texas.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BOMBERS PAY A VISIT TO ENGLAND

The American 10-Engined B.36's at Lakenheath, Suffolk, After a Flight of More than 5,000 Miles from Fort Worth, Texas

The B 36D is the biggest land plane in service in the world and the only other aircraft to compare with it is the £12,000,000 Brabazon I which, after running a series of elaborate and apparently successful trials, is, it seems, not to be adopted for service. The United States Air Force has ordered over 170 of these B 36Ds and, at the time of writing, they are rolling off the production line at Fort Worth, Texas. The six which visited Lakenheath, Suffolk, last week, were making a routine training flight as part of the long-range navigational and cruise control training programme of United States Strategic Air Command. They belong to the 11th Bomb Wing of America's Eighth Air Force, which is stationed at Carswell Air Force Base, Fort Worth. Each aircraft carried a crew of fifteen on the 5,000-mile trip from Forth Worth to Lakenheath, and on arrival they met maintenance crews which had been flown over in advance. The latest models of the B 36, the B 36Ds all have J 47 jet engines to provide additional power for take-off, improve the rate of climb and increase the speed. The earlier models, which had six reciprocating engines only, have since been sent to Fort Worth and San Diego to have supplementary jet plants fitted. There are also other versions of this huge bomber, which American naval men have called a billion-dollar blunder, but which is now a spearhead of American aerial might. One of them is the RB 36D, which has snap-action bomb-bay doors which open or close in only two seconds.

SHOWING THE GREAT POWER UNITS OF THE B 36D : These giant machines are each powered by six piston engines and four jet engines, the latter being mounted in pairs beneath the leading edge and the former being mounted in the trailing edge. The jets provide additional power for take-off and to increase speed in the target area. With all ten engines in operation, the aircraft has available a total of about 40,000 h.p. The B 36 in its original form was powered by six pusher-type engines of 3,500 h.p. each. It was that "six-engined battleship of the skies" which Admiral Radford described as "a billion-dollar blunder." Despite this opposition from the Navy, the United States Department of Defence went ahead with the development of these bombers, and in 1950 the first of them emerged with additional power

GLOSTER METEOR DWARFED BY THE MASSIVE BULK OF THE B 36D: *Above*—Britain's famous fighter plane seen beside one of the six giant American bombers visiting Lakenheath. The B 36D is classed as a reconnaissance bomber. It has a wing-span of 230 ft., is 162 ft. in length, and nearly 47 ft. in height. It has a maximum speed of over 435 m.p.h., and can operate from a height of 45,000 ft. The defensive armament includes sixteen 20-mm. cannon, which are carried in eight remotely-controlled turrets. *Below*—The forward crew compartment, which is pressurised, as also is the after crew compartment. The B 36D has a normal operational crew of fifteen.

EISENHOWER ON HIS EUROPEAN TRAVELS

The Supreme Commander in Lisbon, Rome and Luxembourg —The Roman Communists Organise a Hostile Reception

PORTUGAL—GENERAL EISENHOWER CONFERS WITH GENERAL CARMONA, PORTUGAL'S AGED PRESIDENT : With the Supreme Commander, North Atlantic Treaty Defence, is Colonel Walters, who acted as interpreter. General Eisenhower, in the course of his lightning European tour, flew from London to Lisbon, and his first interviews were with Portugal's Prime Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Later he met Lieut.-Colonel Santos Costa, Defence Minister, an interview also attended by General Passos e Sousa, Chief of Staff of the Portuguese armed forces. Following the interview with General Carmona at the Belen Palace, General Eisenhower flew on to Italy for further talks.

LUXEMBOURG—GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH MRS. PERLE MESTA, THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO LUXEMBOURG : The Supreme Commander and Mrs. Mesta seen together on the steps of the United States Legation before an official dinner. While in Luxembourg General Eisenhower conferred with M. Dupong, the Prime Minister, M. Bech, the Foreign Minister, and Colonel Jacoby, Chief of the Army Staff. In the evening he was received by the Grand Duchess.

TURIN—A HELMETED POLICEMAN LEANS FROM A PATROLLING JEEP AND URGES PEOPLE TO KEEP MOVING IN SAN CARLO SQUARE DURING THE COURSE OF AN ANTI-EISENHOWER DEMONSTRATION : The demonstration, engineered by the Communists, coincided with General Eisenhower's arrival in Rome. Three fatal incidents occurred during the Italian demonstrations, two men being killed in Sicily and one in Comacchio.

HEIDELBERG—GENERAL EISENHOWER TAKING THE SALUTE DURING A REVIEW OF TROOPS AT AMERICAN ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN WESTERN GERMANY : Left to right—The Supreme Commander; General Thomas T. Handy, Commander-in-Chief, European Command; Lieut.-General Augustin Guillaume, Commander-in-Chief of French forces in Germany; Lieut.-General Sir Charles F. Keightley, Commander-in-Chief British Army of the Rhine; Air Marshal Sir Thomas M. Williams, Commander-in-Chief, British Air Force of Occupation; and Major-General P. L. Bodet, Commanding General, 1st Air Division, French Forces in Germany. General Eisenhower sought during his visit to Germany to allay German doubts that he would be able wholeheartedly to sustain his changed role in Germany. In an interview with German Press representatives he indicated, let bygones be bygones.

ROME—STREET CARS ENGULFED BY THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE COLLE OPPIO THEATRE, WHERE THE COMMUNIST LABOUR LEADER GIUSEPPE DI VITTORIO, HELD A MASS MEETING TO PROTEST AGAINST EISENHOWER'S VISIT : Despite such demonstrations the Supreme Commander's visit to Italy passed off less eventfully than was expected.

ROME—GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH PREMIER GASPERI OF ITALY AND COUNT CARLO SFORZA, THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER : They are seen conferring together at the Viminale Palace shortly after the Supreme Commander's arrival from Portugal. Outside the General's hotel in Rome, and in the streets along which he travelled, the police precautions were strong, but in Rome, after a preliminary demonstration, there were few incidents. The Communists ordered a general strike, but modified their plans later.

GENERAL EISENHOWER IN LONDON

The Supreme Commander, North Atlantic Treaty Defence, Holds a Press Conference at Lancaster House, in the Course of His Lightning European Tour

GENERAL EISENHOWER WITH THE BRITISH DEFENCE CHIEFS: The Supreme Commander, North Atlantic Treaty Defence, on the steps of the Defence Office, Great George Street, Westminster, with Lieut.-General N. C. D. Brownjohn, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff (representing Field Marshal Sir William Slim), Air Marshal Sir W. Elliot, and Admiral Lord Fraser, First Sea Lord.

GENERAL EISENHOWER, SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY FORCES, WITH FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY, CHAIRMAN OF THE WESTERN UNION DEFENCE COMMITTEE: The two soldiers seen together at Claridges, where they renewed the talks on European defence problems which they had begun some days before at the Hotel Astoria, in Paris. General Eisenhower arrived in London midway through his lightning tour of Europe, which began in Paris and continued through Brussels and The Hague to the Scandinavian capitals. While in London General Eisenhower attended a meeting of the Atlantic Deputies, saw Mr. Ernest Bevin at the Foreign Office, had lunch with Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Shinwell, met Mr. Anthony Eden at a private conference, and held a Press conference at Lancaster House. He then continued his journey, setting out by plane for Lisbon. Rome, Paris, Reykjavik, and Ottawa were included in the General's itinerary before returning to Washington. General Eisenhower emphasised at his London Press conference that his appointment was for the purpose of preserving peace and not of achieving a military victory.

THE SUPREME COMMANDER POSES FOR THE PRESS AT LANCASTER HOUSE: Facing a battery of lights and cameras with a smile, General Eisenhower pointed a forefinger in the Kitchener manner. In his statement to the Press he declared: "I believe that the only way the free world can defend itself successfully is for the free world to stick together."

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WOUNDED TURKS RETURN TO ISTANBUL

AND OTHER NEWS IN PICTURES, MAINLY FROM EUROPE AND AMERICA

THE FIRST TURKISH WOUNDED RETURN FROM KOREA TO ISTANBUL AND RECEIVE A GOVERNMENT WELCOME: *Left*—President Jelal Bayar of Turkey, with Prime Minister Menderes standing behind him, talking with one of the twenty-two returned wounded at a hospital in Istanbul. *Right*—A soldier lowered from the hospital plane.

In the fighting in North Korea after the Chinese Communists entered the fray, the Turkish troops played a heroic part and suffered losses so devastating that all Turkey went into mourning. Now the first group of Turkish wounded have returned to their native land, and when the hospital plane with twenty-two stretcher cases on board put down at Istanbul Airport, there was a Government delegation to meet them, headed by the President of the Republic, Jelal Bayar. Turkey has entered the fight against Communism with considerable spirit, and it is realised in Istanbul that, quite apart from the Korean conflict, she has a vital part to play in the security of the Middle East. In the middle of January, Admiral Robert Carney, Commander-in-Chief, American Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, paid a four-day visit to Turkey, during which he met the President, Mr. Jelal Bayar, and officers of the Turkish armed forces. Their wide-ranging talks on defence, it is understood, were designed as a prelude to the Anglo-American conference scheduled to take place in Malta.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN THE GRIP OF WINTER FLOODS: This car was swept from a temporary road across the Rio Hondo, normally dry at this season of the year, and almost engulfed by floodwaters which swept down from the mountains after recent heavy rains. The driver of the car, Mrs. Henry, was rescued by two police who braved the torrent.

THE NEW RUSSIAN-BUILT MOSKOVITCH IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE BRUSSELS MOTOR SHOW: The Moskovitch, which has much in common with the German Opel, is manufactured both in Russia and at the Opel plant in the East Zone of Germany—a plant seized by the Russians as war reparations. According to Western manufacturers the Moskovitch is being sold at a loss in an effort to capture the West European market. The price in Belgium is 49,9 francs (about £350), and it is one of the cheapest cars in Belgium. At the time of writing, 300 of them are reported to have been sold. The Americans have been exhibiting at Brussels Le Sabre (see THE SPHERE of January 13, 1951) an open car with many unique features, including a hood which is automatically raised during a shower of rain

DISASTER AT PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT: This picture was taken as a blazing air-liner of National Airlines came to a stop on a road adjoining the airport. The first passenger out of the plane is seen in the ditch, tearing off his burning coat. Another figure is dimly visible in the doorway of the plane, the fuselage of which is blazing fiercely, the flames fed by high-octane petrol. Within the plane, the stewardess Frankie Housley, was busy pushing passengers to safety and, indeed, over eighteen escaped. Searching amid the wreckage, the body of Miss Housley was later identified. She was clutching a child.

A MILLION-DOLLAR BLAZE ON THE CHICAGO RIVER: Crowds looking across the river as flames burst from the windows of a five-storey warehouse near the city's teeming loop district. Four firemen were killed fighting the blaze, and damage was estimated at about 1,000,000 dollars. The fire started when a naphtha tank exploded. In order to prevent the flames from spreading to the great Merchandise Mart, firefloats were brought into action, but they made comparatively little impression as the warehouse was stocked with a lacquer thinning fluid which provided high-power fuel for the flames

TO PLY BETWEEN SWEDEN AND DENMARK—THE NEW WING-PLANE BOAT IS PUT THROUGH HER PACES AT STOCKHOLM: The new craft is here seen at high speed in Stockholm waters during trials. It has been designed by two young Swedish engineers, Mr. Almquist and Mr. Elgstrom, and built by Aluminium Birmabright at Gustafasson and Anderson Wharf, Lidingo, Stockholm. The craft is 57 ft. long, 14 ft. wide, and is capable of 35 knots. There are three engines—two Gray Marine models each of 60 h.p., which drive the vessel at low speed; and one Junker Diesel of 600 h.p., which takes over after the speed has risen to 15 knots. As the craft reaches high speed, the hull raises itself out of the water and two plane surfaces, or "wings," one in the stern and one just below amidships, rest on the surface.

AMERICAN TANKS IN BERLIN: These Pershing tanks, part of a consignment of twenty-two, arrived recently at the Berlin-Grunewald Station, where they were kept under close guard. The tanks are a reinforcement for the armour of American occupation forces now in the city. The arrival of the tanks coincided with the announcement of a change in the American command in Berlin. It was announced that Major-General Maxwell D. Taylor had been given an important new assignment in the United States, and that he would be succeeded by Brigadier-General Lemuel Mathewson, who has been serving in Kentucky.

THE PENNSYLVANIAN DARKIES GO INTO ACTION AT THE COON CARNIVAL IN CAPE TOWN: The carnival is held by the coloured peoples of Cape Town. Troupes of coons in colourful costume parade the streets and sing and dance at several sports-grounds in competition with other troupes. They all have American names, due to the fact that the idea of a Coon Carnival originated many years ago when American coons first arrived at the Cape.

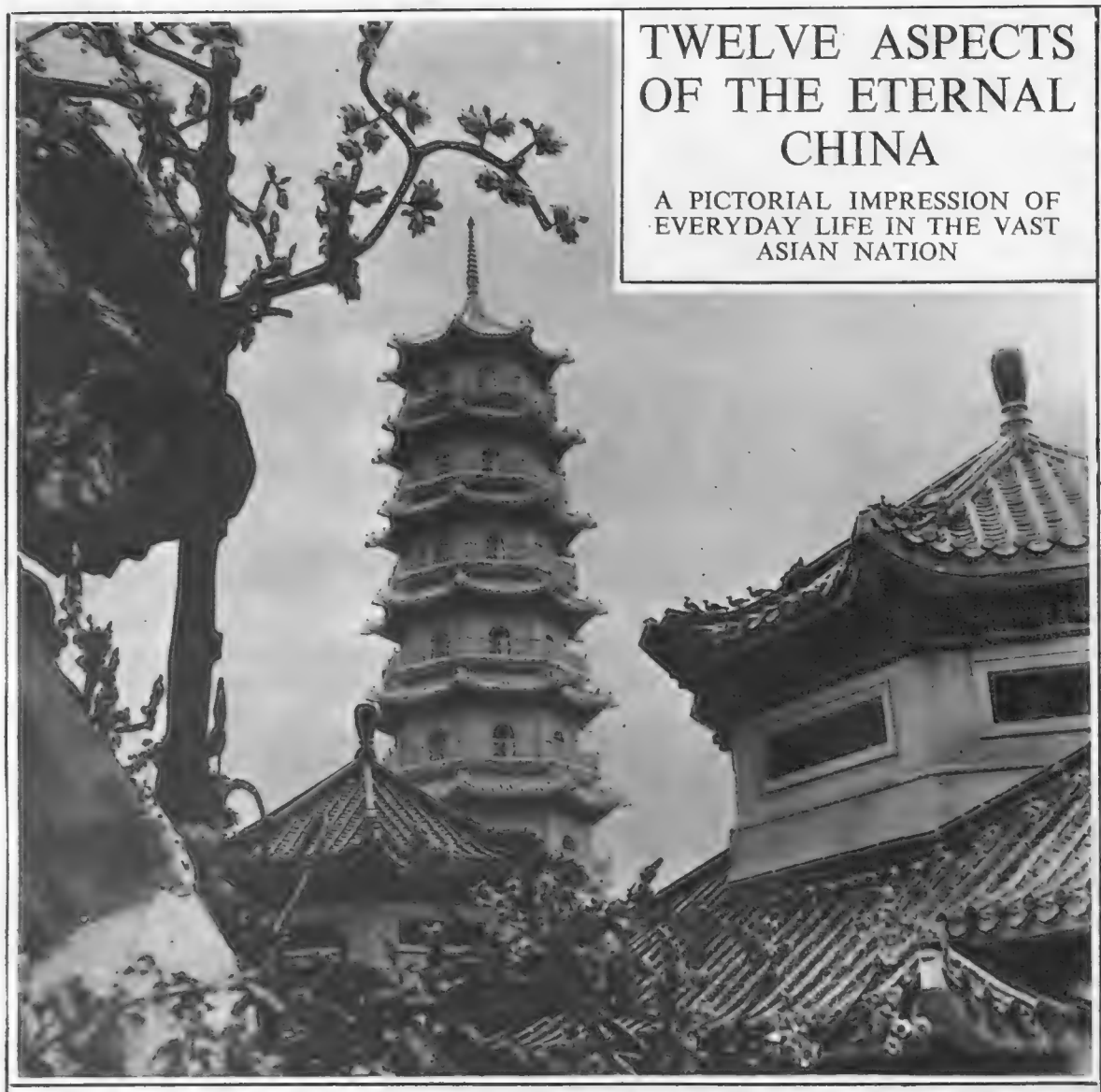
2,000 STUDENTS DEMONSTRATE OUTSIDE THE EGYPTIAN FOREIGN MINISTRY IN CAIRO, AND GIVE THREE CHEERS AGAINST COMMUNISM: The Foreign Minister, Salah El Din Bey, leans forward as he addresses the students. They had demonstrated in order to demand information on the result of the recent talks between Great Britain and Egypt on the revision of the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. The Foreign Minister told them that foreign policy was not a matter of argument with students, and that it was for Nahas Pasha, the Prime Minister, to decide when information should be disclosed to the public.

THE URN CONTAINING THE ASHES OF THE AMERICAN NOVELIST, SINCLAIR LEWIS, STANDING BENEATH THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY IN ROME, WHERE LEWIS DIED ON JANUARY 10: The wreath in the foreground was from Alo Mondaori, the Italian publisher of Sinclair Lewis's books. In his will, the novelist left instructions that his body be cremated and the ashes placed in his father's family burial plot. The ashes are being sent to a surviving brother, Mr. Claude B. Lewis, of Saint Cloud, Minnesota. Though he had many friends in Italy, few people knew that in his last days Mr. Lewis had entered the Villa Electra Nursing Home in Rome. He was alone at his death except for the physicians.

A FINAL ACT RELATING TO THE HOLY YEAR WHICH HAS JUST BEEN CONCLUDED: Monsignor Enrico Dante (left), Prefect of the Vatican staff for Religious Ceremonies, and Monsignor Ludovico Kaas, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation, watching an Italian bricklayer walling-up, within the Holy Door of St. Peter's, a box containing relics of the Holy Year. The Pope closed the Holy Door on December 26, 1950, having been the last to pass through its portals. The Pope then blessed the bricks and mortar which were assembled ready for the closing of the door and, taking mortar from a tray, spread it on the threshold of the door with a silver trowel. He then placed three gilded bricks in position, after which the Vatican bricklayers took over.

TWELVE ASPECTS OF THE ETERNAL CHINA

A PICTORIAL IMPRESSION OF EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE VAST ASIAN NATION



A MASTERPIECE OF CHINESE ARCHITECTURE : The pagoda is one of China's gifts to civilisation, certainly the most picturesque and undoubtedly among the more harmless, when it is considered that gunpowder is among the inventions with which she is credited. Many and various have been China's contributions, and mere changes of Government have not altered the eternal China which bestrides the centuries with such serenity.

What is the real China like beneath the political surface, the China of everyday life which is more concerned with the business of living than with the plans of the dialectical materialists? It would be hard to assess, even for one who knew the country well, as hard indeed as the assessment of polyglot America, for neither nation can be approached other than sectionally. Here, however, in these pictures are some glimpses of the eternal China, that vast Asian nation which now looms so large in world affairs, and is become in a few short years a dominant force throughout the Far East. Much that is portrayed is age old, belonging to the China before the days when Maotse was born, before the traders from the West first set their mark upon her ports, and even before Marco Polo strode eastward to discover a civilisation that was old when Europe was in its immaturity. There are shown, too, aspects of the new China, the China of Maotse's reforms.

BALANCE SCALES BEING CARRIED THROUGH THE STREETS OF A CHINESE CITY : Under Maotse the system of weights and measures has been reformed. Without introducing the European system, the old Chinese unities have been lined up with Occidental measures. For example: 1 tsin equals 500 grammes, and so on by metric measure. 1 tan equals 100 litres. The currency has also been reformed. Until the end of 1949 currency was the Chinese dollar. Speculations on foreign transfers continually reduced its value between 1946 and 1948, and monetary reform was an urgent necessity (1947: one U.S. dollar equalled 43,000 Chinese dollars; 1948: one U.S. dollar equalled 12,000,000 Chinese dollars!). The Government of Mao Tse Tung introduced a new currency called "Banknote of the People." In June, 1950, its exchange rate was fixed at 37,000 to one U.S. dollar. Recent events have improved its value.

PASSING THE BAMBOO CURTAIN : A frontier post beyond which no white man may go. According to the new constitution, China is a popular republic, under the presidency of Mao Tse Tung, elected on October 1, 1949, by a Consultative Assembly. There is a central Government (30 ministers and 30 vice-ministers), sitting in Peking, and six regional Governments, each of 20 ministers. The National Assembly, provided for by the Constitution, has not yet been elected. Above the central Government is the Political Administration, composed of four Commissions (Justice, Economics, Culture and "Control of the People" or Security). These Commissions can give instructions to ministers. The chiefs of the Commissions are responsible only to the President. The new Constitution gives franchise to all citizens of China, men and women, over the age of twenty-one.

THE EMPEROR HIA; A BAS-RELIEF OF THE MONARCH WITH WHOM CHINA'S HISTORY BEGAN, EIGHTEEN CENTURIES BEFORE CHRIST : Of all the nations which exist at present in the five continents, China is by far the oldest. The first contacts between China and the Western world dated from the tenth century A.D., in the time of the (Mongol) Yuen dynasty. The famous Venetian explorer and traveller Marco Polo told Europe of the life and civilisation of the Celestial Empire. The power of China gradually declined, because of the wars undertaken by her emperors against neighbouring countries, and finally even against European Powers. In 1912, China became a republic. Sun-Yat-Sen and Chiang Kai-shek tried to abolish the old feudal system and transform China into a modern democratic country. Neither succeeded in resolving the grave economic problems, or in making any happier the lot of the hundreds of millions of peasants. Their failures opened the way for Mao Tse Tung.

FOOD, AND THE EVERYDAY STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE, REMAIN THE VITAL PREOCCUPATION OF CHINA'S TEEMING MILLIONS, MORE IMPORTANT BY FAR THAN POLITICS : On the lowest level a handful of rice has to suffice. In a well-to-do household the meal is composed of numerous small, individual dishes, each prepared so that neither knife nor fork is required to eat it. Meat, for instance, is always cut into small pieces. Chopsticks are the only "cutlery" required. Pork and duck are favourite dishes, and in the north and west camel is eaten with relish. But a Chinaman would rather die of hunger than eat his horse. Sharks' fins and swallows' nests, known to the West as typical Chinese dishes, are in China expensive luxuries. Only tea, without sugar, is drunk with meals. Wine is drunk on particularly solemn occasions. In the south, there is always a bowl of strong pimento sauce. In general, the seasoning of the dishes is characterised by a curious mixture of sugar and spice which is not to Western taste.

IN A LAND WHERE ONE WORD CAN HAVE 160 DIFFERENT MEANINGS : These advertisements stand outside a Chinese pastry-shop. The Chinese language is monosyllabic. The same syllable may be pronounced in four different ways, and have four completely different meanings: but the word "i" has exactly 160 homonyms. There are numerous dialects. There is no alphabet, and no letters, only ideographic signs are used in writing the language. Lines are read from top to bottom, but may run either left to right or in the opposite direction. There are no distinctions between capitals and ordinary letters, but handwritten signs are different from those in printed Chinese. Neither written nor spoken Chinese has changed much in 2,000 years; scholars can read even older texts with comparative ease.

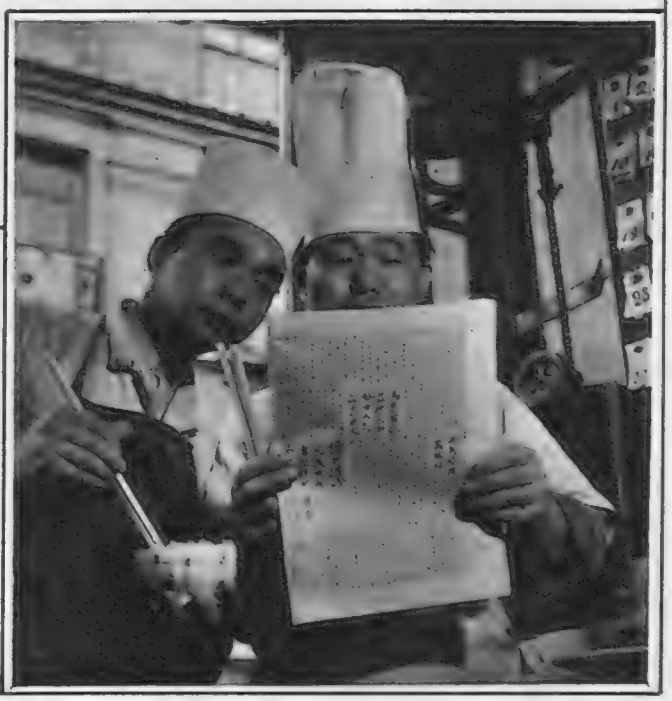
CHINESE TYPES—A FATHER AND DAUGHTER TOGETHER : According to the latest statistics, China has a population of 461,000,000, of whom about 380,000,000 are pure Chinese, and about 80,000,000 of different races, such as Tibetans, Mongols, Turkmenians. The inhabitants of the north of China, slightly taller and with skin of a clear yellow colour, can be distinguished from the people of the south, generally smaller, darker, and of more lively temperament. Good farmland is unevenly distributed, and accordingly 87 per cent. of the population live (sometimes packed together) on about one-third of the land area. The birth-rate is about 50 per 1,000 Chinese per year. This rapid replacement rate cancels out the huge death-rate, periodically increased by floods and famines. The biological characteristics are very strong; in mixed marriages with foreigners it is always Chinese blood which is dominant in the descendants.

JUST PART OF CHINA'S 4,300,000 SQUARE MILES—A VILLAGE IN KWANG-SI : The area of China is forty-five times that of Britain, a compact block of eastern Asia with a long but even coastline. The island of Hainan is the only considerable territory owned by China which is separated from this block. Even in its time of great power, China never attempted to conquer or colonise distant countries. But China itself was in the course of its history many times invaded by other countries, particularly Japan. No foreign army has ever conquered the 4,300,000 square miles of Chinese territory. Advancing into the country they have met defeat as much from being lost and cut off by vast distances as from the hands of the inhabitants. China has very few cattle, but many pigs, ducks, horses and camels. The steppes and brush-country have a large population of tigers. The four big rivers (Huang-Ho, Pei-Ho, Yang-Tse-Kiang and Si-Kiang) have 9,000 miles of navigable waterways. The highest mountain is Mous-Tag (24,000 ft.). Formerly the territory was divided into eighteen provinces. Since the reforms of Mao Tse Tung, there are twenty-two provinces divided into six administrative regions.

THE CHINESE ARE REPUTED TO BE THE MOST POLITE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD : HERE IS A PARTICULARLY RESPECTFUL FORM OF GREETING. Chinese hospitality and courtesy are legend. A visitor, at any hour of day or night, expected or unexpected, is greeted warmly and given a cup of tea. The aged are treated with great respect, not only in their own family, but by everybody. An old man must never be contradicted in conversation. The word "old" flatters and honours; to call anyone "young" is to slight them. Men and women younger than thirty are almost ashamed of their age. In China one does not shake hands, one bows. The only religious ceremony is burial, and the mourning colour is invariably white.

A PEASANT SOWING RICE : China, for all its incalculable agricultural wealth and the inexhaustible sources of energy in its rivers, is one of the poorest countries in the world, because its land is primitively cultivated, and the richness of its soil is not exploited. Less than 1 per cent. of the hydro-electric power available in the country is in use. China produces 1,000,000,000 cwt. of rice, 600,000,000 cwt. of wheat, and 450,000,000 cwt. of soya; but it must feed 460,000,000 inhabitants, and none of these products goes for export. 81 per cent. of the population live by agriculture and only 3 per cent. by industry (usually textile); 16 per cent. have diverse trades, in professions, commerce, administration, transport, etc. Agrarian reform has distributed land to the peasants on the basis of half-an-acre per head (two acres to a family of four). Principal exports are cotton, silk, hides, fur, tea, tungsten and antimony. The easily accessible mineral reserves of China are conservatively estimated at 240,000,000,000 tons of coal, 600,000,000 tons of oil, 2,000,000 tons of tungsten, and 24,000,000 tons of manganese.

BUDDHA, SYMBOL OF THE ETERNAL CHINA : The people of China can be divided into three great religious communities: the disciples of Confucius, the Taoists, and the Buddhists. To whichever religious group they belong, all Chinese at heart still cherish the primitive cult of worshipping their ancestors and the forces of nature. The moral doctrines taught by the philosopher Confucius 2,500 years ago were, and are, the basis of Chinese civilisation and Chinese life. His followers venerate him as a god. Islam has infiltrated into the provinces of the west and south, and has perhaps 20,000,000 adherents of the Prophet. There are approximately 2,500,000 Catholics and 800,000 Protestants. In spite of the ideological revolution represented by the new Government, the regime has refrained altogether from becoming involved in religious questions. But many missionaries have been expelled or imprisoned for political reasons.



***On right*—THE CHINESE PRESS IS A THOUSAND YEARS OLD : COOKS READING A CHINESE NEWSPAPER.** Chinese newspapers began as long ago as the distant Celestial Empire; there are copies of *Ting Pao* (*Gazette of the Capital*) dating from the tenth century. These were bulletins prepared at the Imperial Court, by instruction of the Emperor, and contained important items of news reaching the capital from the interior of the country and also from abroad. In the sixteenth century, rich princes and mandarins had similar news bulletins prepared and published by their secretaries. By the eighteenth century, these bulletins had developed into newspapers almost as we know them to-day. In 1939 there were 1,080 newspapers in China; to-day there are 175 dailies and 77 weeklies or periodicals. Licences to publish issued by Chiang Kai-shek and his last National Government have all been revoked; only two old papers (*Impartial*, founded in 1895, and *The New People*, founded 1937) still appear.

A GIANT ARCHWAY TO COMMEMORATE THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND HYDRO-ELECTRIC BOARD'S SCHEME AT THE CLUNIE POWER STATION: The centre of the arch is a replica of a cross-section of the two-mile horseshoe tunnel which carries water from Clunie Dam to the power station. The archway is the final work on the site, and is situated at the entrance to the power station. The outside pillars, which will be connected across the top, rise to a height of 40 ft. The Cluny-Pitlochry scheme is perhaps the most spectacular of the twenty-four undertaken by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. The River Tummel, in Perthshire, has been dammed at Clunie, and the water is being carried to the power station through a tunnel bored in the rocky outcrop of Cammoch Hill.

SCOTTISH NEWS

A Commemorative Archway at Clunie
The Rod Salmon-Fishing Season Opens on the Tay

THE FIRST BOAT ENTERS THE RIVER TAY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE ROD SALMON-FISHING SEASON: Pipers of the Aberfeldy Pipe Band in full Highland dress play the boat into the water after Miss M. A. Rae, manageress of the Breadalbane Hotel at Kenmore, had performed the traditional rite of breaking a bottle of whisky over the bows.

THE ROD SALMON-FISHING SEASON OPENS ON THE RIVER TAY: Mr. J. W. Steele, of Scone, Perthshire, prepares his rod while his boatmen, Alex Ballingall and James Stewart, break the ice round the boat. The above picture was taken near Stanley, in Perthshire, at the beginning of last week. The day was bright and frosty and, at Kenmore on the shores of Loch Tay, the traditional ceremony was watched by the villagers. The anglers were led through the square to the lochside by the two pipers seen in the picture on the left.

On right—**A 20-LB. SALMON LANDED ON THE FIRST DAY: Mr. J. C. George, of Alloa, caught this fine fish soon after 10.30 in the morning. In the afternoon another Alloa man, Mr. J. M'Leay, hooked an 18- and a 20-pounder at Lower Scone.**

THE APPROACH TO THE SALT-PONDS OF ST. KITTS, IN THE LEEWARD ISLANDS—THE LITTLE WOODEN JETTY JUTTING OUT INTO THE SEA: This is the only way of reaching the estate of Dr. Arthur Wilkin, whose factory is right on the edge of the coast. On the top of the hill on the right is his home.

For over a hundred years the large salt-ponds of St. Kitts have been producing salt for the Caribbean countries. In the bright sunshine the ponds reflect a soft, pink-like colour edged by a dazzling white. For the last five years Dr. Arthur Wilkin, who retired after thirty years' practising, has been producing 65,000 barrels (30 lb. to the barrel) of salt a year. During the reaping season Dr. Wilkin has 400 people working on his estate. They work four to five hours each day, from 6 a.m. until 10 a.m., when the hot sun and the salt make it impossible for them to carry on without being blistered. A good picker can reap twenty barrels a day. Although salt is almost black when it is first lifted, it soon turns white after being washed in baskets on the surface of the water.

SALT from the LEEWARDS

THE ST. KITTS ESTATE OF DR. ARTHUR WILKIN

DR. ARTHUR WILKIN, for many years an island doctor.

IN THE THIRD LARGEST OF THE LEEWARD ISLANDS, IN THE BRITISH WEST INDIES—ONE OF THE GREAT SALT-PONDS OF ST. KITTS: The salt-ponds are situated on the southern neck of St. Kitts, which overlooks the nearby island of Nevis.

DR. WILKIN'S SALT FACTORY BY THE SEA: On the right are gardens where his workers grow their own vegetables. During the season Dr. Wilkin has 400 people working on his estate. A day's work consists of about five hours.

LOOKING DOWN ON ONE OF THE SALT-PONDS FROM THE HOUSE ON THE HILL: Apart from producing salt, Dr. Wilkin is also a farmer. On his estate he has cattle and 1,300 sheep. The house on the hill is renowned for its hospitality.

STRAIGHT FROM THE PONDS—THE PREPARATION OF THE SALT: In this section of the factory the baskets of coarse salt are tipped into the grinding machine. It is then bagged, weighed and held for transport by schooner or sloop.

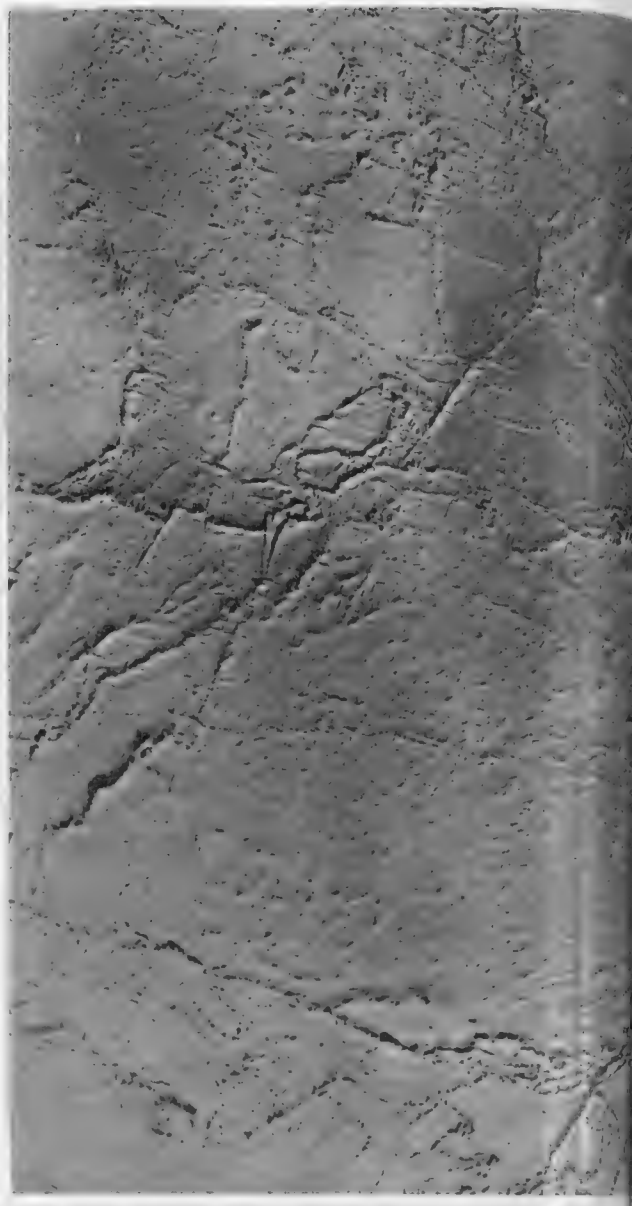
A SUPERFORTRESS OF THE 375TH WEATHER RECONNAISSANCE SQUADRON WARMS UP AT EILSON AIR FORCE BASE, IN THE HEART OF ALASKA, BEFORE TAKING OFF ON A ROUTINE WEATHER-CHARTING TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE AND BACK: Clouds of steam rise as the engines are pre-warmed. In the sub-zero cold of the Arctic, engine oil congeals and petrol is difficult to vaporise properly. The 375th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron now operates a regular schedule over the roof of the world, flying from Eilson to the North Pole and back in 16 hrs. The distance is 4,000 miles.

TO THE NORTH POLE AND BACK EVERY 48 HOURS

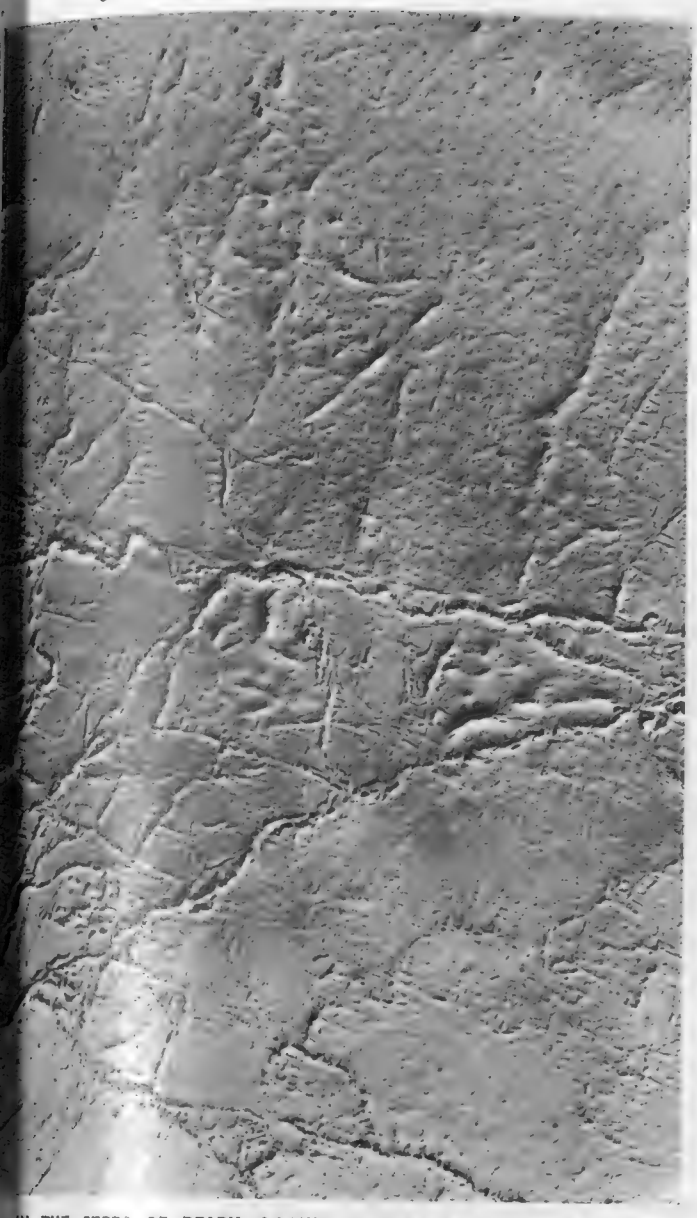
The Regular Arctic Missions of America's 375th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron

Forty-two years ago, Peary reached the North Pole, after many journeyings, in each of which he had penetrated yet farther north. To-day the great journey that he made has almost become a commonplace to the men of the 375th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron of the United States Air Force, who once every forty-eight hours send out one plane across the Arctic wastes to record weather conditions all along the route to the North Pole. The 375th fly this route because meteorologists have learned that the vast reaches of the Arctic are a breeding ground of the world's weather. From this huge weather factory emerge the cold air masses which may produce a chilly day in Miami, a dangerous squall along the New England coast, or a disastrous blizzard which may engulf the cities of the Middle West. The job of the 375th is to record these weather conditions as they develop in the far north. Their information is transmitted back to a central weather bureau, and there co-ordinated.

The 375th Squadron launched its Polar programme in 1947. At that time there had already been a number of United States Air Force flights to the roof of the world, but the 375th was the first to establish a regular milk run. Through the comparatively pleasant summers and the long, cruel Alaskan winters the schedule has been maintained with remarkable consistency, and with valuable results.



A TRAINING FLIGHT ABOVE THE CLOUDS IN ALASKA: Superfortresses of the 375th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron seen flying in formation. On the Polar flights the Super[s] go singly, and they have now made about 400 such flights in the past three-and-a-half years, sending back to civilisation vital news regarding the weather tha[t] ahead. The 375th Squadron, quite apart from its meteorological work, provides valuable experience for air crews in cold-weather flying, and for the maintenance [o]



IN THE STEPS OF PEARY—LOOKING DOWN ON THE DESOLATE WASTES THAT LIE AROUND THE NORTH POLE: These two pictures were taken at 18,000 ft. from a Boeing Superfortress of the 375th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron flying on a regular mission from Eilson Air Force Base, Alaska, to the North Pole. *On left*—This picture was taken directly above the Pole. The pressure ridges enable the radar operator aboard the plane to plot wind drifts. *On right*—Ice pack 15 miles from the Pole.

FLYING OVER THE BROOKS RANGE IN NORTHERN ALASKA: The B 29s cross this rugged range en route to Point Barrow at the start of their North Polar flights. At this stage, if the weather is clear, the Superfortress navigator has a comparatively simple task, but once above the Arctic wastes his responsibilities increase tenfold, as the endless icefloes provide no check points, and there are no beacons and no radio stations north of Point Barrow. In addition, the compass is inclined to play strange tricks.

THE "GHORFAS" OF MEDINIA—HONEYCOMBED DWELLINGS IN SOUTH-EASTERN TUNISIA: The township resembles a vast honeycomb, each cell of which is the home of a family; in some cases of several families. These very humble conditions have not prevented the women of Medinia from becoming first-class wool-spinners.

THE HONEYCOMB HOVELS OF MEDINIA

A Study in Primitive Housing by the Shores of the Mediterranean in South-East Tunisia

A SPRING-CLEAN FOR AN UPPER-STOREY HOUSE: A citizen of Medinia gives a new coat of whitewash to the front of his "house." Homes above the ground-floor level are reached by means of a series of stone steps which terminate with a small platform outside the hole in the wall which serves as a front door.

A MAN, A BOY AND A CAMEL EMERGE FROM THE STREETS OF MEDINIA: This picture illustrates the narrow streets of the township and the manner of approach to the upper-storey houses.

In some countries on the shores of the Mediterranean vast numbers of people live in conditions of incredible squalor not always the result of poverty. In most cases ingrained habits, the tradition of centuries and the lack of education are at least as powerful reasons for their state as any economic cause; and when they have money to spare it is rarely spent on any serious attempt to improve their conditions.

A typical example of this is found in the so-called "Ghorfas," or honeycombed dwellings, of Medinia, in Tunisia. This vast complex of dwellings, several acres in extent, is inhabited by about 150,000 people. Apart from its external ugliness and the dirt and dust that surround it, the living conditions inside the "Ghorfas" are better imagined than described. Yet such are the conditions to which the inhabitants have been accustomed from birth, and which, in general, they take for granted. The people are not noticeably miserable or discontented, and the general level of their health is probably about the same as that prevailing among the working population of the average European industrial town. By religion they are Muhammadans, and with the well-known ultra-conservatism of the Muslim races resent any attempt to induce them to change their habits. The more progressive among them make some attempt at elegance by regularly whitewashing and replastering the fronts of their dwellings, but beyond this they do not go.

"MONEYCHANGERS" AT WINDSOR'S WEST DOOR

A New and Startling Development at the Chapel Royal, and Other Ecclesiastical News

TURNSTILE TACTICS AT WINDSOR—ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REOPENED AFTER THE ANNUAL CLEANING: The reopening coincided with the new and much-criticised charge of admittance which has been imposed by the Dean and Canons as a means of reducing the number of visitors out of service hours, and thus protecting the fabric from undue wear and tear. The charge is not being made for financial gain, it is emphasised. The Dean and Canons, after consultation with the laity, reached their decision because they see no other way to secure order and peace for those visitors who take a general interest in the building. The entrance fee is one shilling. No charge will be made at service hours. Immediately after the announcement, a complaint that no concession had been granted to church people, as distinct from sightseers, was followed up by the ecclesiastical press. In its editorial columns the *Church Times* said: "It is hard, indeed, to believe that visitors of any kind will be helped to reverence or to prayer by encountering money-changers, however well intentioned, at the West Door. The House of God should be open free to the children of God."

A NEW CHURCH FOR DENMARK'S COMMUNITY IN LONDON—THE BOMB-DAMAGED ROYAL CHAPEL OF ST. KATHERINE AT REGENT'S PARK: The Community has taken over a fifty-year Crown lease of the Chapel. The cost of restoring the Chapel and building a Community hall has been estimated at about £17,000. Adjoining buildings are also to be converted into a pastor's residence and a caretaker's flat. To equip the Chapel it is hoped to bring from the Danish Museum, in Copenhagen, furnishings from old Danish churches, including an old stone font. The altar of St. Katherine's escaped war-time damage.

A FESTIVAL SETTING FOR THE BOMB SITE BY ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—A NEW GARDEN TAKES SHAPE: The garden is to be completed in time for the opening of the Festival of Britain. The garden is situated on the bomb site east of the Cathedral, between Watling Street and Cannon Street. It is to be triangular, with the apex at St. Paul's Churchyard. A sunken lawn, surrounded by flower-beds and a paved walk, will occupy the central space. Beyond the lawn fountains will play into a pool.

ROCKALL—THE REMOTEST SPECK OF ROCK IN THE WORLD: This dramatic picture of the rock, which lies 224 miles west of the Hebrides out in the wastes of the North Atlantic, was taken in May 1949, when a private yacht visited the place for what is believed to have been the first time. The yacht was the 16-ton auxiliary yawl *Petula*, and the photographer was James Fisher, one of the editors of the "New Naturalist" Series. This picture evidences the extreme difficulty of landing on Rockall, indicating the great ocean swell that constantly exerts itself in these North Atlantic deeps. Rockall is believed by geologists and oceanographers to be the only existing fragment of the lost palæo-Arctic continent. The islet is of coarse granite, and is said to be highly magnetic. It has a circumference of about 250 ft. and a height of about 70 ft.

ROCKALL

PIN-POINT ISLET OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC

Described by
ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR

ROCKALL, HAUNT OF THE BIRDS: This picture, showing the sheer face of the rock on one side, was taken in 1910 by a member of the Michael Sars Oceanographical Cruise. Both Seton Gordon and James Fisher have made an intensive study of the bird life of Rockall. Fishermen say that from time to time they see on Rockall a strange bird which they have named "Rockall Jack." It is thought that this may possibly be the Great Shearwater. Dr. Jean Charcot, the French explorer, was another student of the ornithology of Rockall.

"FORECAST for sea areas Bailey, Rockall, Shannon . . ." How often nowadays do we hear, in our forecasts for shipping, a name previously familiar only to oceanographers, to a few ornithologists, and perhaps to children who, while scanning the map of Europe in their school atlas[es] noticed it as the only word printed between the British Isles and [the] American continent.

Rockall, a lone rock 70 ft. in height, conical in shape, and barren, [its] top snow-white owing to an immense accumulation of guano through[out] the ages, lies in the North Atlantic. As the crow flies, it is 224 miles [west] of the Hebrides, and 293 from the Scottish mainland. Calculations ba[sed] on R.A.F. photographs taken between 1941 and 1945, when Coastal Co[m]mand aircraft were constantly patrolling the area, show the rock's maxim[um] breadth at its base to be 83 ft. It has a circumference of but 250 [ft.] The merest speck of terra firma in a welter of ocean!

From time immemorial, this fragment of the ancient world has be[en] known to mariners as Rockall, or Rokabarra, or variants of these nam[es]. Although lying beyond the limits of most charts and sailing directions, [its] existence cannot be neglected altogether, for it is situated close to the tra[ck] of great numbers of vessels on the North Atlantic.

Probably the first mention we have of Rockall is that contained [in] Martin's *A Late Voyage to St. Kilda* (1698), wherein we read of "Rok[all] a small rock, sixty leagues to the west of St. Kilda," the natives of wh[ich] referred to it as Rokabarra. This name they appear to have learnt [from] company of French and Spanish survivors from a vessel wrecked there [in] 1686. These survivors eventually reached St. Kilda, that remote outp[ost] of Britain nearest to Rockall. On a map they had, they showed [to] St. Kildans the position of "Rokol," and, by pointing downwards w[ith] their forefingers, indicated that their ship had gone to the bottom the[re].

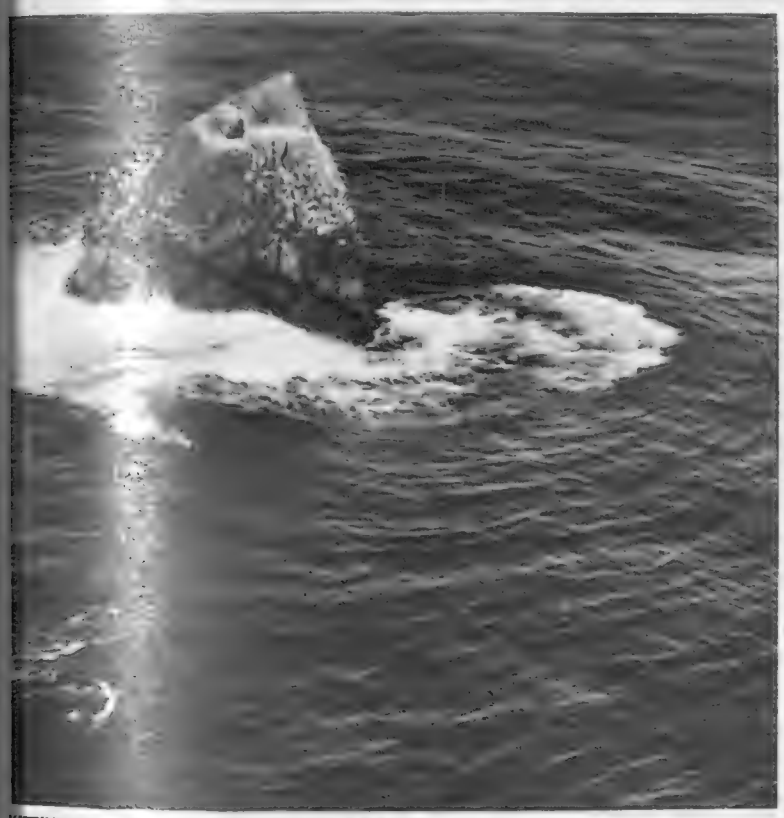
Of the many nineteenth-century records of Rockall, one of the m[ost] important is that made in 1810 by Captain Basil Hall, R.N., the circu[m]stances of whose visit to this "mere speck on the surface of the wate[r]" are fully set forth in his own intimate, discursive and entertaining accou[nt]. Hall was lieutenant in H.M.S. *Endymion* between 1809 and 1812. One d[ay] while cruising in the North Atlantic, this frigate chased what was believ[ed] to have been an enemy brig with very white sails aloft, and with d[ar]k lower sails. On running close, however, the brig turned out to be Rock[all], which sailors had oft-times mistaken for a ship under sail. Officers a[nd] men of the *Endymion* had been deceived by Rockall several times dur[ing] the same cruise, even after they all thought they had become familiar w[ith] its aspect and location. Captain Hall mentions that he actually boar[ded] three vessels in one day, each of which had included Rockall when reckon[ing] the number of vessels in sight. Not until he directed their glasses to [the] spot did they realise their mistake.

The exact position of this rock, it is held, was not determined u[ntil] the *Endymion's* visit in 1810, the year in which Hall came into possess[ion] of that piece of Rockall ever since labelled "Rockall, Capt. Basil Ha[ll]." The rock itself was visited on this occasion by a party in two boats, wh[ile] the frigate stood down to the leeward. The party carried geologi[cal] hammers, chronometers, sketch-books, and the like. Some members [of] it chipped off specimens of the rock: some circumnavigated it in [a]

of the two boats, making soundings while so doing: some sought, by means of a cord, to measure the rock's circumference. They all worked assiduously, realising both the peril and the importance of their venture. One cannot but believe the conditions to have been more favourable than those vouchsafed to subsequent visitors. On the fingers of one hand, one could enumerate those who, during the present century, with all its mechanical appliances and devices, have managed to set foot on Rockall! Its immediate locality has been visited many times in recent decades; but few have been able to land because of the swell.

After Basil Hall's party had been on the rock for some time, and had made several useful observations, a haze, and then a dense fog, descended. An increase in the swell, moreover, showed that the problem of embarking again was likely to be as hazardous as the problem of landing had seemed simple, earlier in the day. With difficulty, the entire party succeeded in getting off; but, to its dire vexation, no one could locate the *Endymion*! Confusion ensued as to where the frigate lay. No two members were in agreement as to the direction in which she had been sighted last. She evidently had drifted away a considerable distance. The fog now rendered her absolutely invisible. Eventually it was decided to put ashore again the nimblest of the party, in the hope that, from the rock's highest point, he might be able to locate the frigate. But this outlook man could see nothing but the approach of a thicker bank of fog. "I see the ship!" he shrieked some hours later, as he sat perched on the peak of Rockall. A temporary lane in the fog had revealed her afar off, crowding all sail, and evidently beating to windward. Without delay, the outlook man, numb with cold and exhausted by his long vigil, was brought off the rock. The occupants of both boats now rowed vigorously in the direction in which the ship lay. Barely a quarter of a mile had they proceeded when the fog, closing in behind them, obscured Rockall. To begin with, this seemed to matter little, since the frigate was still in view; but, when she tacked a little later, and was again lost in fog, it became obvious that those aboard her had sighted neither the rock nor the boats, and were still searching the seas. Neither Rockall nor frigate was now to be seen. In this predicament it was decided to turn round in an attempt to locate the rock once more. By a stroke of

THE BOISTEROUS SWELL WITH WHICH ROCKALL IS PERPETUALLY SURROUNDED AT EVERY SEASON OF THE YEAR: This is the east face of the great rock, and when the picture was taken in 1942 there were no birds visible. Clearly shown is the zone of algæ growing on the rock above the area normally washed by the swell.



KITTIWAKES CIRCLING ROUND THE ROCK: This is a view of the west-south-west side of the rock, an R.A.F. official photograph taken in August 1941 when the island was such a vital landmark for planes and warships operating in the Western Approaches of the North Atlantic.

good fortune, both boats ultimately succeeded in finding it. The sun had gone down by this time. Visions of having to remain all night, either on the rock or in the open boats, were looming ominously when, as if by a miracle, the fog lifted, and the frigate came in view once more. Almost simultaneously, those aboard her sighted the rock; and the vessel immediately came about. It was almost dark by the time she had picked up her boats, and rescued their benumbed occupants.

"Why did you fire no guns to give us notice of your position?" was the first question put to the men aboard the *Endymion* by their overjoyed companions.

"Fire guns!" they answered. "We have done nothing but blaze away every ten minutes for these last five or six hours!"

Not a single discharge had been heard by the men in the boats—so readily does dense fog absorb sound.

While travelling between King's Cross and Edinburgh a few years ago, I fell into conversation with a passenger, who mentioned that, during the First World War, the men of the British destroyer *Nepean* mistook Rockall for an enemy vessel, just as the men of the *Endymion* had done more than 100 years earlier.

So we see that Rockall has figured considerably in naval affairs; and in this connection we are reminded that, in 1945, that great hollow in the North Atlantic known as the Rockall Deep became the graveyard of more than 100 U-boats which were towed out there by naval tugs from the "trots" or pens at Loch Ryan and at Lissahally, near Londonderry, to be sunk in 1,000 fathoms of ocean. The first batch was sunk there, off Rockall, during weather which was so bad that they could not be disposed of by explosive charges placed in the hull of each, as had been planned. They therefore had to be blown up by gunfire from the destroyers accompanying them. All these submarines, we were told, were of a brand-new type; and, according to our newspapers, German crews assisted in sending them to the bottom. What colossal waste of metal, if of nothing else! Why trouble to salvage the metal cap of one's milk-bottle each day when hundreds of thousands of tons of metal are deliberately and irrevocably placed beyond reach in this way?

By the middle of the nineteenth century, the position of Rockall was fairly well recognised. It now began to find its way into European cartography and oceanography. For all that, shipwrecks still occurred upon it, as well as upon those outlying perils, Hazelwood Rock and Helen's Reef. How many vessels may have gone to their doom in this area in earlier years one has no means of saying. We do know, however, that on April 18, 1824, the Dundee vessel *Helen* was lost by striking a reef in the vicinity of Rockall. Then, late in 1839, a Hull vessel, *Charlotte*, was wrecked there. Eighteen survivors of the crew took to a boat and found their way to St. Kilda, remaining for two days and two nights in a cave at the base of cliffs they could not scale. Eventually they were found and succoured by the inhabitants.

Perhaps the most interesting visitor to Rockall in the present century was Dr. Jean Charcot, the French explorer, who reached it in 1921 in his famous vessel, *Pourquoi-Pas?* On two different occasions that year, he succeeded in landing a member of his crew on what *The Times* referred to as "the so-called lost island of Rockall," and obtained thereon several geological and ornithological specimens. "*Men Caor!*" ("Rock of the Devil!") Charcot's Breton seamen muttered when, on the horizon, they first observed the rock, for all the world like a derelict ship at the mercy of the swell.

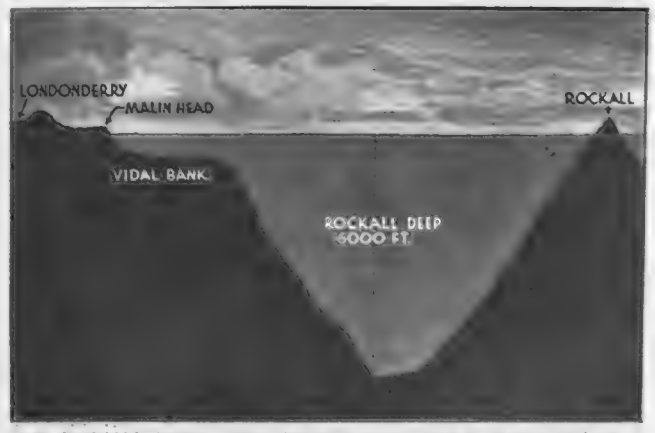
A few days after Charcot's visit to Rockall I met him in Stornoway. There he told me that a member of his crew—an ex-circus clown named Moussard—had remained on the rock for half an hour. A day or two later, another landing was made by Pierre Le Conte, and by a member of the crew named Bonnichon. Acting under the direction of the expedition's naturalist, they made a series of detailed observations as to the portions of the rock occupied by the different species of birds.

By means of a tow-net of the Bale and Forbes type, Charcot's men raised from the ocean's floor large fragments of rock, some of them hundreds of pounds in weight—a feat that, in the estimation of officials of the Académie des Sciences, opened up a new field for that great science, submarine geology.

In answer to a letter from the late Sir Hugh Gladstone, the well-known ornithologist, who inquired whether he had made any notes on the birds of Rockall, Dr. Charcot replied that his purpose had been mainly geological and oceanographical. "Nevertheless," he added, "we took interest in all the details concerning this curious rock. My love for animals is such that I never let one be killed or even bothered, when it is not absolutely necessary either for science or for living. We have in our collection samples of all the birds that we saw on Rockall. So we left them to their business, and very thankful they became very friendly."

Fishermen say that from time to time they see on Rockall a strange bird which they have named "Rockall Jack"—a bird which Seton Gordon thinks may be the Great Shearwater. But now I am encroaching on a province I am ill-fitted to enter. The birds of Rockall I must leave to Seton Gordon and to James Fisher. The latter has made them one of his special concerns. He flew low over Rockall several times in 1947, making the closest scrutiny of its bird-life; and he was fortunate enough to be able to revisit the scene in a yawl a couple of years later.

There can be very few persons living who have set foot on this remote fragment of the earth. I have conversed at an odd time with trawlermen, however, who claim to have landed. So diminutive is Rockall in relation to the seas encompassing it that even the smallest pin-point on any map would appear to exaggerate its size.



THE ROCKALL DEEP: This diagrammatic sketch shows the deep ocean depression lying between the North Irish land shelf and the lonely bird-haunted peak of Rockall. From Malin Head, north of Londonderry, a comparatively shallow shelf stretches out to the Vidal Bank. Thence towards the north-west, soundings run down to 6,000 ft., forming the Rockall Deep, one of the great hollows of the Atlantic.

HOME NEWS, SOME WITH A FESTIVAL FLAVOUR

Plough Sunday at Chichester; The Dakota Inquiry; The Progress of Battersea's Pleasure Gardens; A Festival Ship and a Festival Telescope

THE ANNUAL PLOUGH SUNDAY SERVICE AT CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL: The Assistant Bishop of Chichester, the Right Rev. C. J. G. Saunders, vested in cope and mitre, receives the plough at the West Door of the Cathedral. It was drawn by members of the West Sussex Young Farmers' Clubs. Other members acted as standard bearers. The Bishop was assisted by the Dean. The ceremony dates back to the sixteenth century. From ancient times Plough Monday, which is the first Monday after the Epiphany, has been so called, because it was held to mark the end of the Christmas holidays.

ROMAN CATHOLICS CELEBRATE MASS AT WALTHAM CROSS, HERTFORDSH FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 400 YEARS: A silent procession winds way from the Market Place to the temporary church. The M was celebrated by the Rev. Ambrose Whitehead, the Prior of Hoddesd a Canon Regular of the Lateran, whose predecessors were banis from Waltham Abbey during the Dissolution of the monaster

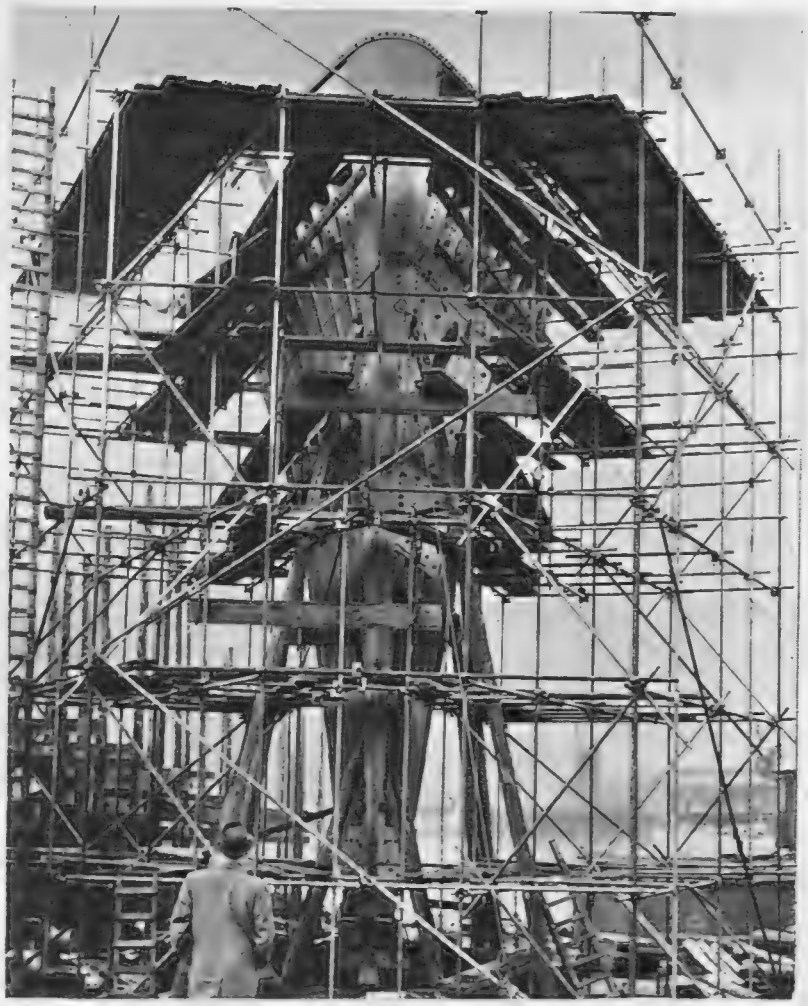
THE LOST CLIMBERS RETURN FROM SNOWDON: Lost all night on the snow-and-ice-capped summit of Snowdon, these six youths descended safely after being found by an R.A.F. mountain rescue party. They were members of a walking party of thirty-seven organised by the Derby Town Youth Hostels Association Group. Trevor Yates, twenty, one of the six, said they sheltered in the mountain-top hotel, which is closed during the course of the winter months.

THE DAKOTA AIR DISASTER INQUIRY: Mr. J. Roland Adams, K.C., presided at Ch House, Westminster, when he initiated the inquiry into the causes of the crash Mill Hill last October, when twenty-eight people lost their lives. In the foregro on the left below the platform sat members of the Accident Investigation Bra and in the foreground on right were counsel. Among the witnesses was Mis Gee, aged thirteen, who was complimented on the way he gave his evide

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION OPENS THE YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES EXHIBITION: Mr. George Tomlinson speaking from the platform at the R.B.A. Galleries, in Suffolk Street, London, where about 400 works by young British artists, and chosen by a committee of well-known artists, are now on view. This year's exhibition, the third, has one or two new aspects. First is the Knapping Prize—a £50 award to be split between two students whose work is judged to be best by the Council of the R.B.A. Secondly, a ballot is to be taken, purely for interest, to see which work (or works) the public think the best.

MIND OVER MATTA IN A WEST END ART GALLERY! Visitors looking with mystifica on the paintings of Matta Echaurren displayed at the Institute of Contemporary A Dover Street, London. The painting on the left bears the title, the "Mer-Creu Matta Echaurren was born in Chile in 1912, and studied in Paris under Le Corbusier. the '30's he became a surrealist, and in 1939 went to the United States, where he becam friend of Marcel Duchamp. Echaurren recently returned to Europe, and he now lives in P

THE PROGRESS OF THE FESTIVAL PLEASURE GARDENS IN BATTERSEA PARK: Men at work on the Main Vista at the western end of the gardens, where a series of pavilions and arcades, towers and pagodas, terraces and gardens, lakes and fountains, will add to the variety of the scene. In the far distance is the Mountain and Valley, the great railway which is now well on the way towards completion, and will be one of the big features of the Amusement Park section of the gardens. The belt of trees on the left of this view screens the Riverside area, which will include a landing stage, a *de luxe* restaurant with a terrace overlooking the river, and a wine garden which will be surrounded by small, colourful pavilions. The main carriageway, running parallel with the river, will be a shopping centre, a miniature Bond Street.



THE FESTIVAL SHIP TAKES SHAPE: For the past month twenty men have been engaged in building the stem and forepart of a 4,000-ton passenger and cargo vessel in Thorneycroft's yard at Southampton. Since this picture was taken, the stem has been in part dismantled for conveyance to London and erection on the site of the Great Exhibition on the South Bank. The bows will be framed in scaffolding, rather in the manner shown here, and visitors to the Exhibition will gain the impression of a ship under construction. In all about fifteen tons of mild steel have gone into the making of the Festival ship.

VICTORY MOON FALLS IN THE OPENING RACE AT LINGFIELD, THE GUEST HALL SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE: The horse is seen with threshing hooves as it crushes the jockey, P. Fitzgerald, beneath its weight. Fitzgerald was taken unconscious to hospital and found to be suffering from concussion. In the background, just avoiding the trouble, is Mr. J. G. Woodman's Trapani, ridden by Gilsenan, which fell later in the race.

TETRASHAH COMES TO GRIEF AND THE REST OF THE FIELD THUNDERS ON: The grey horse and his jockey, E. Quinlan, are seen stretched full-length on the ground after falling in the Stechford Selling Hurdle Race at Birmingham. Tetrashah's fall also brought down Mountain Warfare (No. 44).

TWO GREAT MIRRORS IN THE MAKING: Two mirrors for reflecting telescopes thousands of miles apart are lying within a few yards of each other in the optical works of Sir Howard Grubb, Parsons and Co., Ltd., at Newcastle-on-Tyne. One of the giant mirrors was cast in America, and is a gift for the Isaac Newton 98-in. telescope which is to be housed in the observatory of historic Hurstmonceaux Castle, in Sussex. This mirror, which is seen in the picture *on the right*, was cast in New York, and is the gift of Michigan University. Highly-skilled technical work, being done at Newcastle, will take between six months and a year to complete. The other mirror (*on left*), with a diameter of 74 ins., is the largest mirror ever cast in Britain. It is destined for the Mount Stromlo Observatory in Australia. The instrument to hold the Mount Stromlo mirror will be on display at the Festival of Britain Exhibition in London, but the mirror will not join it for some months yet.

A Caxton of the Australian Bush

JOHN T. KIRTLEY'S MOUNTAINSIDE PRESS AND ITS RARE OUTPUT

WHERE gum-trees and flannel-flowers grow wild at the foot of a blue Australian mountain, a craftsman printer is working to produce books worthy of the world's great printing presses.

Visitors to John T. Kirtley's Mountainside Press follow a bumpy track in and out and round about the outskirts of Ferntree Gully, quaintly-named township 23 miles north-east of Melbourne, and—if they have careful directions—come at last upon a tumble-down weatherboard house. From the window the bitter-sweet smell of printer's ink floats, mingling with the bush perfumes of eucalyptus, musk and sassafras. Within, a middle-aged man in his shirt-sleeves is working a hand-press not so very different from that at which William Caxton toiled.

First fruit of the Mountainside Press is a limited edition of the poem "Heemskerck Shoals," by Australian Robert D. FitzGerald. It is a dramatic monologue based on an incident in one of the voyages of the great Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman.

The book measures 22 by 15 ins. It is beautifully bound and printed throughout in three colours on heavy dead-white Georgian hand-made paper. The type is Old English Text, hand-set in 24 pt. and 6-pt. leaded. The text is printed in black, the head-bands in double-tone red, and the illustrations, which face each page of text, are in auburn red.

THE WEATHERBOARD HOUSE AMID THE BLUE GUM-TREES WHERE JOHN T. KIRTLEY HAS ESTABLISHED HIS MOUNTAINSIDE PRESS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF RARE BOOKS: In his imprint Mr. Kirtley calls it "the last house in Lording Street," and here he has printed a limited edition of the poem "Heemskerck Shoals," by the Australian Robert D. FitzGerald. Kirtley's press is near Melbourne.

A COPY OF A TASMAN MAP OF 1644: This map, showing the parts of Australia and New Guinea discovered by the Dutch at that date, is printed in red over a water-colour ground of aureolian yellow. It is hand-coloured in eight tints, and forms part of Kirtley's production "Heemskerck Shoals."

The illustrations are by Geoffrey C. Ingleton, a Sydney naval lieutenant and cartographer, who is one of the world's experts on seventeenth-century ships. He has drawn Tasman's ships, the yacht *Heemskerck* and the flute *Zeehaen*, and the men who sailed them, with rigging, armoury and navigational instruments faithfully detailed.

A beautiful example of cartography is his copy of the Tasman Map of 1644, which shows the parts of Australia and New Guinea discovered by the Dutch at that date, with their surprisingly accurate guess at the unknown east coast. The map is printed in red over a water-colour ground of aureolian yellow, and is hand-coloured in eight tints.

John Kirtley works at "the last house in Lording Street," as his mock-solemn imprint has it, only at week-ends. His weekdays are spent at a clerk's desk in a Melbourne office. At fifty-three he hopes he has time to make twenty beautiful books, which will be his legacy to Australia.

In his autobiography, *I 'd Live the Same Life Over*, novelist Philip Lindsay describes the Kirtley of twenty-five years ago as a quiet-mannered, fair-haired little chap with a secret passion to become a printer. He was then a clerk in a Sydney stockbroker's office, who spent his spare cash on the purchase of first editions and his spare time in yarning with printers and book-sellers. After reading all he could find on the art and history of printing, he bought himself a press and began experimenting with types and layouts.

Soon he joined forces with Jack Lindsay, another youngster of ideals and imagination, to found the Fanfrolico Press. Night after night they toiled in Kirtley's flat above a butcher's shop in a Sydney suburb, learning the intricacies of fine printing by trial and error. Their fourth book was Jack Lindsay's translation of the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes, illustrated by Norman Lindsay, Jack's father. This was so outstanding a production that collectors in England and America became interested; orders arrived from overseas, and Jack persuaded Kirtley that success and fortune awaited them in England.

The Fanfrolico was to win fame with its thirty-seven sumptuous productions and the challenging æsthetic message that gave the Press its character; Jack Lindsay was to win fame as a novelist; but from his first foggy London day Kirtley was homesick for the surf and the bright clear light of Australia, and in two years he turned his back on London and fine printing.

He spent the next twenty years wandering round Australia, with spells in the Pacific islands. Working at such jobs as publican, manager of a hatchery and food relief organiser, he never quite forgot that he had been a printer.

A few years ago he bought an Albion hand-press made by Hopkinson and Cope in 1871. Once used to print a country newspaper, for years it had lain neglected in a cellar. It is a good, reliable, workmanlike press, on which Kirtley with his strong arm, eye for detail and infinite patience can turn out real works of art—even though it takes him an hour to print four pages of "Heemskerck Shoals."

Kirtley is insistent that not one of the twenty books he hopes to print will be recognisable as "a typical Kirtley." In each the typography will be determined by the character of the writing.

THE TITLE-PAGE OF "HEEMSKERCK SHOALS": The title-page adornments are the work of Geoffrey C. Ingleton, a Sydney naval lieutenant and cartographer, and an expert on seventeenth-century ships.

JOHN KIRTLEY AT WORK AT LOWER FERNTREE GULLY: *Left*—Taking an impression on his hand-press, an Albion made by Hopkinson and Cope in 1871, a reliable machine which was once used to print a country newspaper. *Right*—Mr. Kirtley setting type out of doors among the gum-trees, a rather hastily posed picture which none the less gives some idea of the idyllic existence of the founder of the Mountainside Press. Mr. Kirtley works at his press only during week-ends.

A British Food Ship Salvaged

"PALANA" SAVED FROM THE BARRIER REEF

After nearly a fortnight of anxiety, Lloyd's received news in London that the P. & O. freighter *Palana*, which was *en route* from Brisbane to Townsville to load food for Britain, was about to be beached near Mackay, Queensland, for temporary repairs. At one time it was thought that the *Palana* might prove a total loss, as the Dutch vessel *Singkep*, which came to her aid, apparently could not tow her into shallow water. After No. 3 hold had been flooded, the *Palana's* pumps were out of action. It was then decided to abandon ship, the captain and his crew of sixty-nine, including one stowaway, going aboard the *Singkep*. Salvage tugs came to the scene from Brisbane.

THE 11,000-TON P. & O. FREIGHTER "PALANA," SEEN AFTER SHE HAD BEEN BADLY HOLED ON STRIKING A BARRIER REEF ON PINE CREEK ISLAND, ABOUT 500 MILES NORTH OF BRISBANE: Pine Creek Island is seen in the background and, in the middle distance is the Dutch ship *Singkep*, which came to the rescue and took off the crew of the *Palana*. Immediately after the disaster, No. 3 hold was badly flooded, and the pumps were out of action.

THE "PALANA" IN THE SHADOW OF PINE CREEK ISLAND IN THE GREAT BARRIER REEF: The island, which is about a mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, stands 45 miles off the Queensland coast. It is on the edge of a navigation channel 4 miles wide.

A LUXURY FERRY FOR NEW YORK HARBOUR: This three-decker, named the *Joseph F. Merrell, Jnr.*, after an American World War hero, has been put into service between Manhattan and Staten Island. The *Joseph F. Merrell, Jnr.* has cost over 2,000,000 dollars. She can seat 5,000 passengers, and is the first of three new vessels on the Staten Island service.

A NORWEGIAN OIL-TANKER TAKES THE WATER—THE LAUNCH OF THE "DALFONN" FROM THE BELFAST YARDS OF HARLAND AND WOLFF: The new single-screw motor-driven oil-tanker which has been built for Sigval Bergesen of Stavanger. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Ragny Bergesen, who was accompanied by her husband, and a party of friends from Norway. The *Dalfonn* has a deadweight tonnage of 24,000. She is just over 623 ft. in length, with a breadth of 78 ft. The hull is divided by bulkheads into twenty-seven cargo oil-carrying compartments.

THE LAST OF THE TEA-CLIPPERS—"CUTTY SARK," WHICH MAY NOW BE PRESERVED FOR THE NATION: The famous clipper, on left, now lying in the Thames alongside the training-ship *Worcester*, was built at Dumbarton in 1869 for the China tea trade. She was later transferred to the Australian run, and took part in the grain races, setting up speed records. In 1885 she made the run from Sydney to London in 73 days. In 1895 she was sold to Portugal and renamed the *Ferreira*. She was re-purchased from the Portuguese in 1921, and brought back to Falmouth. Since then she has been used as a training-ship.

"LEAPING LENA" CONVEYS A 660-H.P. ENGINE TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION SITE ON THE SOUTH BANK: An 80-ft. British Road Services trailer approaches St. Albans, Hertfordshire, during the journey to London. The locomotive, destined for Tasmania, is to be on show in London during the forthcoming Festival of Britain. The locomotive was built in Lancashire. The engine will remain in London for about eight months.

NEGOTIATING THE BENDS OF ST. ALBANS CITY—THE LORRY TURNS A CORNER CLOSE TO THE HERTFORDSHIRE CATHEDRAL: The 300-mile journey from Lancashire to London was made in five days at a speed of about 2 m.p.h. The total weight of the engine and the truck which carried it, was over 100 tons.

SLOW TRAINS TO LONDON AND AN EGYPTIAN EXPRESS

Two Engines Arrive as Exhibits for the Festival of Britain

THE REAR STEERING CABIN OF THE 80-FT. TRAILER: The g... truck was steered from both front and rear, whil... telephone system enabled both drivers to keep in t... with each other. The trailer was escorted by the p...

A 660-h.p. British-made Diesel-electric locomotive, whose g... unsuited to the British permanent way, recently arrived in L... on an 80-ft.-long road truck. It was on its way to the Great Exhib... site on the South Bank, where it is to be shown during the forthco... Festival of Britain. The locomotive was built at the Vulcan Found... Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, for the railway in Tasmania. The ... on which the locomotive travelled had fourteen wheels. Rarely h... has such a massive engine journeyed south of the Trent by road. ... journey down from Lancashire involved many intricate twists and t... through small towns and villages, as witness the pictures on this p...

T ANOTHER BIT FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION ON THE SOUTH BANK ARRIVES IN LONDON—THE BUDDICON LOCOMOTIVE, BUILT IN FRANCE BY BRITISH ENGINEERS IN 1843, AFTER TH OURNEY FROM PARIS: It is to be displayed in the railway section of the Festival of Britain. The engine left the Gare St. Lazare, Paris, under its own steam, b after travelling 25 miles it was taken in tow. After being ferried across to Dover, the engine steamed the last few miles into London on January 11. The engine bears the name of one of its builders, William Buddicon. It was designed for the newly-built Paris-Rouen railway, and remained in use for about fifty years. The Buddicon is a 2-2-2 engine, a type which was very popular in Europe for more than fifty years. During the past few months it has been completely overhauled, cleaned, and painted in red and green. Before the departure from Paris a celebration was held in honour of Franco-British co-operation in every sphere. A distinguished company, including M. Porcher, the Deputy Director-General of the French Railways, witnessed the ceremony as the engine, with clanging bell, steamed out of the station. At the Bricklayers' Arms Station, Bermondsey, Miss V. Buddicon, a descendant of the railway pioneer, went aboard the engine during a ceremony to greet its arrival.

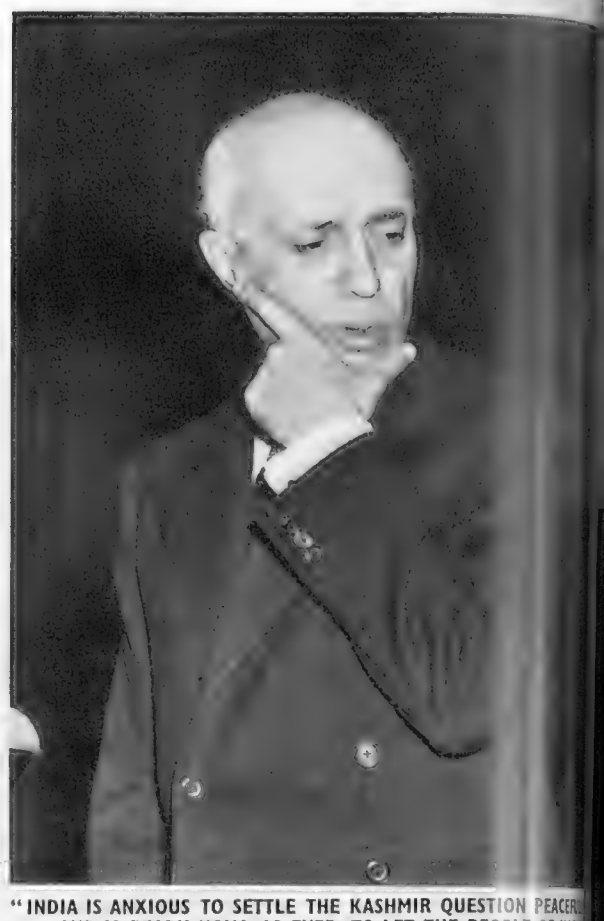
ITALIAN-BUILT TRAIN FOR KING FAROUK OF EGYPT—A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE NEW LUXURIOUS ROYAL LOCOMOTIVE: The train is here seen alongside a station during its first trial run over Italian railway lines.

THE NEW EGYPTIAN ROYAL TRAIN TAKES THE LINES—THE ITALIAN-BUILT FIAT AT FLORENCE RAILWAY STATION DURING THE FIRST TRIAL RUN: The ultra-modern train has been constructed at the Fiat factory, in Turin, for King Farouk of Egypt and his future bride, Narriman Sadek. An unnamed Egyptian engineer has been supervising the construction of the train. Among the many luxurious and modern fittings of the train is a powerful transmitting and receiving radio station. The internal decorations are said to be in pale pink

PERSONALIA

The Premiers of Pakistan and India Continue to Differ : A Heroine of the Resistance : Some Literary Figures in the News : Max Intrator

MR. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN, PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN, MAKES HIS POSITION CLEAR AFTER THE BREAKDOWN OF THE KASHMIR TALKS AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE OF THE COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS : The Premier of Pakistan seen addressing the Press conference at which he revealed the terms of three separate proposals put forward by Mr. Attlee and his fellow Prime Ministers for securing the withdrawal of the armed forces of India and Pakistan from Kashmir to permit a free and impartial plebisite, in accordance with the terms of the United Nations resolution. Each one of these proposals, said Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, he in turn accepted. Everyone of them, he declared, was rejected by Mr. Nehru. Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan concluded by saying that he thought the only hope for a peaceful solution of the conflict rested with the Security Council of the United Nations. Mr. Nehru made a vigorous reply to Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, and was critical of the fact that the Prime Minister of Pakistan had revealed the substance of conversations that had taken place among the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, talks that were of a private nature.



"INDIA IS ANXIOUS TO SETTLE THE KASHMIR QUESTION PEACEFU... AND IS READY NOW, AS EVER, TO LET THE PEOPLE OF KAS... DECIDE THEIR FUTURE" : Mr. Nehru seen at the Lond... conference which he held on the same day as Mr. Liaq... Khan held his Press conference. While the Premie... of I... was inclined to attack Mr. Nehru for his attitud... of c... operation, Mr. Nehru, on the other hand, was deeply cri... Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan for revealing the nature of priva...

PROCLAIMED MISS FRANCE 1951 : Mlle Nicole Drouin, who had recently received this title at the contest held in Marseilles, seen during a cabaret show and gala given in her honour on her return to Paris.

"REINE DE LA CORSE" : This young lady, a twenty-two-year-old Parisian secretary who originally hailed from St. Antonia, Corsica, has been elected Miss Corsica 1951 by natives of the island who are now resident in Paris. Her dark, very finely moulded features are typical of the Corsican type of beauty which reveals such a degree of Italian influence.

THE MARRIAGE OF A YOUNG HEROINE OF THE WARTIME FRENCH RESISTANCE : Mlle Marjarne Dumas, daughter of Colonel Dumas, and M. Alain Bourthoumieux, son of an advocate at the French Court of Appeal, seen after their marriage at Passy, Paris. Mlle Dumas is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, she has also been decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Mlle Dumas studied in London and enrolled in the Resistance Movement in 1944, taking part in acts of sabotage at the port of Brest, and helping behind the German lines after the momentous D-day operations in 1944.

AFTER THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY—A NEW LORD J... AND A NEW JUDGE ARE SWORN IN AT WESTMINSTER : Francis Lord Charlton Hodson, left, who had been sw... as a new Lord Justice, and Mr. Seymour Edward Karm... who had been sworn in as a new Judge, seen togeth... they left the Houses of Parliament after the ceremony. Francis is the senior divorce Judge, having been a ... of the High Court of Justice (Probate, Divorce and Adm... Division) since 1937. He was born in 1895. Mr. Karm... who is forty-eight, is the second youngest judge in E...

OMERSET MAUGHAM IN ROME : The distinguished novelist who celebrates his seventy-seventh birthday this week (January 25, also the birthday of Robert Burns). When this picture was taken he was on a holiday visit to Rome, which he first visited in 1895. Mr. Maugham has also been in the news by reason of his B.B.C. short-story broadcasts.

EAN PAULHAN ... NOURED : The French essay... poet who has been awarded ... City of Paris Prize for Literature. He is son of the philosopher F... ric Paulhan, and is coming to be ... arded as the most influential of m... rn French writers.

LANCHE PATC... SECRETARY TO BERNARD SH... FOR THIRTY YEARS, AND ... W THE AUTHOR OF A BEST-SE... ER : Her book, *Thirty Years with G.B.S.*, for which there has been a big demand, gives intimate details of Shaw's daily life.

WITH OVER A CENTURY OF NOVELS TO HER CREDIT : Ruby M. Ayres, most prolific of novelists, in the library of her home, Rest Harrow, St. George's Hill, Weybridge. All the works arrayed in the shelves in this picture are by Ruby M. Ayres.

AMILCARE POLLINI PROCLAIMS HIS OWN HOLY YEAR : The Italian, who claims that he is the reincarnation of St. Peter, seen at his headquarters in the Via Torino, Milan, where he is propounding his new faith. 1951 is Mr. Pollini's own Holy Year, and he is planning a big campaign for the revelation of what he calls his glockological doctrine. Among his enemies are what he calls the pornocracies ("Countries under the dominant influence of profligate women"). He says the span of the human race will be divided into four ages of 6,000 years. We are now, he asserts, entering into the second age, that of bi-manity.

MAX INTRATOR ON TRIAL IN PARIS : The Berlin-born stateless international financial agent seen as he appeared before a Paris court charged with illicit currency and gold deals. Intrator told the court that he always operated outside France, and that an associate, Carol Bitter, did all the transactions in the months under review (May to December, 1946). Referring to British currency deals, Intrator commented: "When people ask if I ever met Englishmen who handed me cheques, my reply is that I knew Englishmen socially and had drinks with them, but they did not know that I had their cheques and I did not know that they had my cheques." One hundred other persons besides Max Intrator are accused of currency deals.

SIAMESE NURSES UNDERGO TRAINING IN JAPAN PRIOR TO SERVICE IN MILITARY AIR TRANSPORT PLANES : They are being taught by U.S. Air Force and Navy Flight nurses at Haneda Air Base, Japan. Left to right are Lieutenant Jean Bissonette, U.S. Air Force nurse; Sergeant Thatsanaphorn and Sergeant Vacharee Udombaan, of Siam. They are learning to stock U.S.A. Air Force Air Evacuation medical chests. The young women are being made familiar with air evacuation procedures in all aspects before making their first trip as nurses.

THE FIRST ETHIOPIAN TO BECOME PRIMATE OF THE ETHIOPIAN COPTIC CHURCH—ARCHBISHOP BASILIOS, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED THE LATE ARCHBISHOP CYRIL : The new Archbishop was consecrated to his new appointment in Cairo on January 14. Earlier he had been elected at an all-Ethiopian Synod as the first Ethiopian to hold the Primacy of that Church. Archbishops of the Ethiopian Church have hitherto been Egyptians appointed by the head of the Egyptian Coptic Church, the Patriarch of Alexandria. The last Egyptian to hold the Primacy was Archbishop Cyril, who died a short time ago. Basilios is fifty-nine.

THE DEADLOCK OVER THE BURGOMASTERSHIP OF BERLIN : Herr Ernst Reuter (on left), senior Burgomaster of Berlin in the former administration, shaking hands with Dr. Walther Schreiber, after they had both received sixty-two votes in the ballot for the new Burgomastership. The ballot followed the elections of December 3, when the Social Democrats lost their overall majority and the Christian Democrats led by Dr. Schreiber gained ground. The difficulties in forming a new administration were then tackled by Herr Reuter and Dr. Schreiber, and at a meeting last week, Herr Reuter was re-elected. It was decided at the same time to create a Senate as successor to the old Magistrat, this Senate to reflect the result of the recent elections. A non-party man is to be made the Senator for Internal Affairs.

THE RETURN OF MARTITA HUNT: The celebrated actress, who has not been seen on the London stage for some years, had arrived at London Airport from Paris. She is to play the name-part in Jean Giraudoux's satirical comedy, *The Mad Woman of Chaillot*, in which she acted 600 times in America and had an outstanding personal success. Martita Hunt had enjoyed a *succès d'estime* on the London stage for many years before the war, but it remained for New York audiences to give her the enormous popular success which she enjoyed for nearly two years in Giraudoux's fantastic comedy, which Bernard Delfont is presenting in the West End next month, using the original settings by Christian Bérard, and with production by Robert Speaight. The action of the play takes place in the Paris sewers and outside a café. It was written during the German occupation, but the author, who died in 1944, did not wish it to be produced until after the war. Jean Giraudoux is well known to London audiences by his *Amphitryon* '38, in which the Lunts appeared at the Lyric Theatre in 1938.

SIR CEDRIC AND LADY HARDWICKE: The fifty-seven-year-old actor was photographed at New York's Stork Club with the former Mary Scott, when they confirmed rumours of their recent marriage. Miss Scott had appeared with Sir Cedric in a play on Broadway in which she understudied the feminine lead. Sir Cedric's first wife was Helena Pickard. He has had a great success on Broadway and was placed among the three best actors of his day by the late Alexander Woolcott.

MARY ELLIS IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SPAIN: The problem of the correct hair style for Miss Ellis's part in Ashley Dukes' new play, *Celestina*, at the Embassy Theatre, was settled by a visit to the National Gallery, where photographs were taken of Goya's famous portrait, "Donna Isabel." These were effectively copied by the hairdresser, as may be seen in the above picture. Between the wars, Mary Ellis was well established in London as one of the leading lights of musical comedy. But she had also appeared in several straight parts and in Shakespearian roles, so that her brilliant success in a serious and then a caricature part in Terence Rattigan's *Playbill* was no surprise. She plays the name-part in Ashley Dukes' new play, a tragi-comedy based on a fifteenth-century Spanish novel by Fernando de Rojas. The period has been advanced to the eighteenth century and the action takes place in a disorderly house run by Celestina.

HAPPY RETURNS

Martita Hunt and Jean Forbes-Robertson Come Back to London; Mary Ellis in a New Play; Sir Cedric and the New Lady Hardwicke

JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON MAKES HER FIRST WEST END APPEARANCE FOR EIGHT YEARS: She is playing Hedda Tesman in the new revival of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* at the Arts Theatre. Her last appearance in London was also at the Arts—as Viola in *Twelfth Night*, in 1942. The daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has played Hedda three times before—at the Arts in 1931; at the Criterion in 1936; and at the Playhouse, Nottingham, a few months ago, when the play was produced by her husband, André Van Gyseghem. Described by one critic as "Looking, appropriately, like a beautiful bird of prey," Miss Forbes-Robertson was given a great welcome on her return to the West End stage in what is considered one of Ibsen's most difficult characterisations.

"THE FROGS WENT HOP": This remarkable picture of frogs disporting below water was not obtained until cameraman had spent four hours and exposed twenty-two photographic plates, using the Dawes Electronic Speedflash. Definition is good, and the frog appears to have fixed a beady eye on the camera.

LEAP FROG

Four Unusual Examples of Photographic Skill

A DESERT IN YORKSHIRE: This picture, which is at first glance deceptive, was made during the early January snowfall. The photographer stopped on the Fox House-Hathersage road, near Sheffield, to take the picture of a tree standing starkly against the snow-covered moors. He had to focus into the sun, with the curious result that his picture looked as though it had been taken in a desert.

SWANS DOWN: These graceful birds, on the River Don at Aberdeen, ducked in unison to search for food. Unconsciously, they provided a photographer, who happened to be watching them, with an attractive subject.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NOVELS, BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES

"Lady Precious Stream" as a Novel; George Howe and the Story of Three Men Who Jumped into Germany; A Hunting Miscellany

"AND what a pleasant change all this is," writes Mr. J. B. Priestley, "for here in a world where nearly everything seems to go wrong, something has come out right!" That something is Mr. S. I. Hsiung's novel version of his famous play, THE STORY OF LADY PRECIOUS STREAM (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), and quite delightful it is. Back 2,000 years in time and ages in thought, feeling and custom, he takes us to China, where he tells us of the love-story between the high-born Lady Precious Stream and her father's gardener. The sly humour, the grace and the occasional gravity are all there as they were in the play, and in addition, Mr. Hsiung has created, as it were, a new and charming leading lady to play the principal role of what has been for nearly twenty years a well-loved play.

CALL IT TREASON (Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.) is a novel which brings us back across the bridge of years with a shock violent enough to remind us that war, treason and enemies are unhappily part of our present scheme of things. Mr. George Howe has written the story of three men, German prisoners of war, all of whom volunteered to be parachuted down behind their own lines as spies for the Allied armies. Naturally, they are different in temperament, but the author's design is to show how their purposes are different, too, for one is a Communist, greedy for power and money; one a carefree daredevil looking only for a new adventure; and one is the son of a Berlin doctor and is deliberately risking his life in order to hasten the downfall of the Nazis. This, of course, is chiefly an adventure story, and although that may not have been the author's intention, I found him at his best in straight descriptions of action, and less effective in reflection. In either case, this is a really exciting book that soldiers and ex-soldiers are going to appreciate more than any other readers.

"Nostal gic" is the word for WE 'VE BEEN THINKING (Hutchinson. 18s.), a miscellany of hunting reminiscences, and it is a word I appreciate, even though my experience of hunting has been limited by the fact that I find horses intractable animals with very hard feet. The chief contributor to the book was the late Mrs. Beatrice Holden, who not only knew a great deal about hunters and hunting, whether in Warwickshire or with the High Peak Harriers, but a great deal also about men and women, whom she reviewed here with a mixture of wit and kindliness. Her accounts of house-parties and parties for race meetings in the spacious, gracious days have the same kind of general appeal as a Harlequinade, and so do the recitals of suites and equipages at a time when an old earl said he would never keep 100 gardeners—and so kept ninety-nine, and vulpicides of rank were celebrated by pen and brush. Mrs. Holden's cousin, Major Guy Paget, writes too about hunting and shooting in Edwardian days; the late Colonel Rich writes about hunting in many shires, and Mrs. Phyllis Hinton contributes a section on the future of hunting, as it will be decided by the new, young generation. Mr. Robert Colville is the editor and Mr. Lionel Edwards, R.I., has designed the wrapper.

It is a long call away, except in the fact that he, too, is essentially of our country and at least as characteristic of it as the Fernie hounds, to the biography of JOHN NEWTON (Heinemann. 21s.), which has been written after considerable research by Mr. Bernard Martin. Newton has always been an extraordinary and in many ways a contradictory figure whom the general public knows best as an eighteenth-century writer of hymns, but who had also been a sailor, a deserter and a slave-dealer. When he was twenty-nine Newton had a fit of "ye Apoplectic kind," and was subsequently for ten years in H.M. Customs at Liverpool, being converted and ordained in his fortieth year. His friendship with the poet Cowper, who was also the author of hymns, has been the subject for discussion before, and Mr. Martin here gives his own views, quoting from hitherto unpublished letters now in the possession of the British Museum. This is a book of unusual interest, and a picture of the times which shows its violent contrasts of piety and brutality, sanctimoniousness and sacrilege, to a rare degree.

ONE MAN'S LAND (Longmans. 18s.) is the story of Sir Charles Coghlan and the liberation of Southern Rhodesia, which should catch our eye and hold our attention, particularly in these days of Dominion and Colonial interdependence and discussion. Mr. J. P. R. Wallis writes of the "bonny fighter" with a sympathy that is based on his own wide knowledge of Rhodesian affairs, and shows how Coghlan battled for the independence of the people amongst whom he was working, and against their absorption by a larger and more powerful organisation. His fight was first against Rhodes and the Chartered Company, then against Smuts and the Government of the Cape, then against Winston Churchill and the Colonial Office. In 1923 he became the first Premier of the new colony for whose independence from the Union he had fought so successfully.

Just two years ago died E. S. P. Haynes, one of the livelier English eccentrics of our times and a man about whom no tepid opinion is possible now—or would have been appreciated in his lifetime. Extracts from his *Lawyer's Notebooks* and from other writings have been made and are now published as a Conversation Piece, THE LAWYER (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.), with a candid and touching memoir by his daughter, Miss Renée Haynes, who writes of "his irascible, genial, witty self," and some of the traits that his good friends knew in his character. Haynes himself, however, is the purveyor of his own best stories, whether it is gratification at a fan-letter from "a solicitor who had to evade tigers on his way to work," or a memory of Corney Grain singing "I am dry, Obadiah, I am dry."

Another distinguished English lawyer is responsible for one of this week's most diverting books; diverting because of his individual and wryly humorous touch. Sir Patrick Hastings' book, FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS CASES (Heinemann. 15s.), was, he explains, written at the suggestion of one of his daughters who might, in his own words, have gone a little further and written it herself, thereby saving him a great deal of work. In spite of this inexplicable indolence on her part, we must be grateful to the lady, for her idea has been responsible for a stimulating and wonderfully fresh description of many of the best-known of State Trials from Anne Boleyn to Goering.

AT HOME WITH THEIR PUPPETS: Jan Bussell, his wife Ann Hogarth, and their daughter Sally, reading a script together at their home at Barnet, near London. They are the creators of the Hogarth Puppets, of which "Muffin the Mule" is an outstanding character, and they will shortly be presenting a new feature on television, the *Bookworms of Brooklands*. The "Bookworms" differ from "Muffin" in that he is a marionette, and therefore stringed, and they are the no less entertaining glove puppets in the *Punch* tradition.

Colonel J. K. Stanford has written a story of bird protection and of the return of those rare birds, the avocets, to our eastern marshes, in BLEDGRAVE HALL (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.). His hero is a returned soldier whose shaken nerves need the quietness of a remote country place, and to this end he buys a rickety old seaside farm in Norfolk, the house of which he puts into some kind of habitable shape, before he settles down to watching and observing birds. Among these are six avocets, graceful waders with long, curved bills and white plumage, natives of Holland and not known to nest in England for more than 100 years. He tries to protect them, with some difficulty, against the depredations of hikers, vermin and "oologists," and in the end is successful in seeing them breed not far from his house. This is a happy story and one with a real feeling for the country man's life, and the sights and sounds of the sea marshes and the cries of the birds.

Mr. Alan Houghton Brodrick knows his Spain and Portugal as well as the previous author knows his East Anglia, and in PILLARS OF HERCULES (Hutchinson. 18s.), a study of the Iberian scene, he writes of the people, the architecture, the art, the flowers and the e[illegible]. Brodrick's style is informal and his manner discursive, so that reading his book has something of the chanciness of an uncharted journey, but it also has the pleasant if breath-taking surprises and the occasional delights of a voyage without maps.

Mr. Charles Miller, the author of CANNIBAL CARAVAN (Museum Press. 15s.), has himself acquired the unusual nickname of "Cannibal," and at considerable risk has investigated the customs of tribes of primitive people, including pigmies, living very much as men did in the Stone Age. His book, it is hardly necessary to add, is exciting and even alarming in places, and gives the armchair adventurer full value.

The latest ANNUAL REPORT of the Bristol Public Libraries makes heartening reading as usual and, again as usual, shows what may be done to increase the amenities of a great city by a devoted librarian and a well-planned, progressive library system.

HARDY

DESMOND HAWKINS' ASSESSMENT

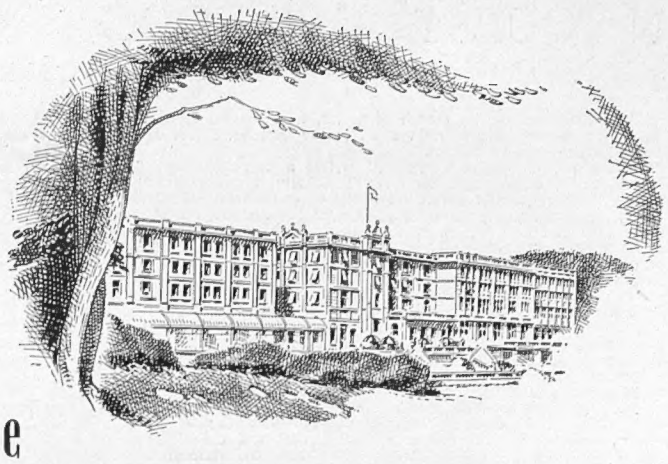
Desmond Hawkins, in writing his assessment of THOMAS HARDY in the "English Novelists" Series (Arthur Barker. 6s.), has been sadly handicapped by his briefing, for in such a series we can expect to find neither appreciation of Hardy as a poet nor as a dramatist, and it was in both those realms that he touched greatness, first as a writer of lyrically inspired verse, secondly as the creator of *The Dynasts*, that epic drama of the Napoleonic wars, a giant film-script embracing a whole era of world-shaking events, striding across time and space with a grand disregard for all dimensions, but setting in fine perspective Hardy's view of man in the grip of inexorable forces. Without these things, however, Hardy is not by any means shorn of his greatness. The novels, pitched in a lower key, those little dramas of country life and passions, are great in quite a different way. Mr. Hawkins, with a knowledge born of intensive reading of the Wessex novels, understands that difference. He shows how Hardy made the streets of Casterbridge, the wastes of Egdon, the woodlands of the Hintocks arenas of the human spirit; how he made Bathsheba and Tess and Henchard rise up and possess our minds as symbols of human passion and tragic ruin. Mr. Hawkins believes that generation after generation will turn to these novels so rooted in the speech and song of the people of Wessex, yet belonging essentially to a vaster landscape "where man is always alone with his destiny."

One of the best-informed and best-illustrated books on the Australian aborigines is the work of Charles P. Mountford, ethnologist, writer, lecturer and photographer, who in 1945 was awarded the Australian Natural History Medallion for his brilliant research. BROWN MEN AND RED SAND (Phœnix House. 18s.) is the story of Mr. Mountford's journeyings between the Musgrave and Mann Ranges, and northward to Mount Conner and Mount Olga in Central Australia. The book is very far from being an anthropological treatise, as it is indeed markedly readable at the same time as being obviously authoritative. "It was an unforgettable experience," declares Mr. Mountford, "to have lived among a people whose laws are so kindly and well balanced that there is no need of warfare to maintain social equilibrium." A point of special interest noted by Mr. Mountford is the invariably good-humoured relationship of parents and children. The youngsters have a great deal of freedom, and it is only when they reach manhood and the fearsome initiation ceremonies that the young men of the tribe come under any real restraint. In other words, boys are allowed to develop freely until the bodily changes and mental turmoil of adolescence are stabilised. It is then, and then only, that they commence their long, rigorous training for manhood. Some may feel that the author takes an idealistic view of the way of life of the Australian aborigines. He undoubtedly views them with a sympathy borne of long association.

For General Franco, the pendulum has swung once more, and he finds himself on the verge of becoming *persona grata* with the democracies and ranged with them in the ideological battle. An army of apologists has risen up to do honour to the new Spain and its achievements, and foremost among them, it would appear, is Sheila M. O'Callaghan, who, in CINDERELLA OF EUROPE (Skeffington. 12s. 6d.), has produced a survey of Spain from the period of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship down to the present day in which a Caudillo reigns supreme in the Palace of el Pardo. Except for a polite explosion at the end of the book on the subject of begging, that most persistent and pernicious of old Spanish customs, this is really one long paean of praise of Franco who emerges as the enlightened legislator inspired by Christian ideals, the kindly leader of a nation along the path of social betterment. Miss O'Callaghan has an inquiring mind, and some of the facts she has garnered are of interest, but she lacks the skill of a trained observer; for her interpretation of the facts is sometimes incredibly naïve, as witness the statement "a Government which helps people to love their neighbours and keep the Commandments is a good Government, even if its citizens never go near a ballot-box in their lives."

Two adventure books, widely differing in theme, are FISHING ADVENTURES IN CANADA AND U.S.A. (Faber and Faber. 18s.), by G. D. Luard, and I FOUND ADVENTURE (John Long. 15s.), by Jim Ingram. Mr Luard writes with engaging enthusiasm of his journeyings in the Canadian wilds, and there is no doubt that he will inspire many a tired business man to venture into the backwoods, though perhaps not quite so deeply as he has done. Jim Ingram's book is the story of a plucky young Englishman who has travelled far through Scandinavia, helped by his own enthusiasm for travel and the famed hospitality of the Swedish and Norwegian people. How he started out from Manchester and ended up by the Polar Sea makes a really grand tale.

All who are interested in motoring history will welcome G. R. N. Minchin's UNDER MY BONNET (G. T. Foulis. 15s.). Few people have had so varied motoring experiences, and Mr. Minchin's adventures in France, mainly on visits to Le Mans, are full of good anecdotes.



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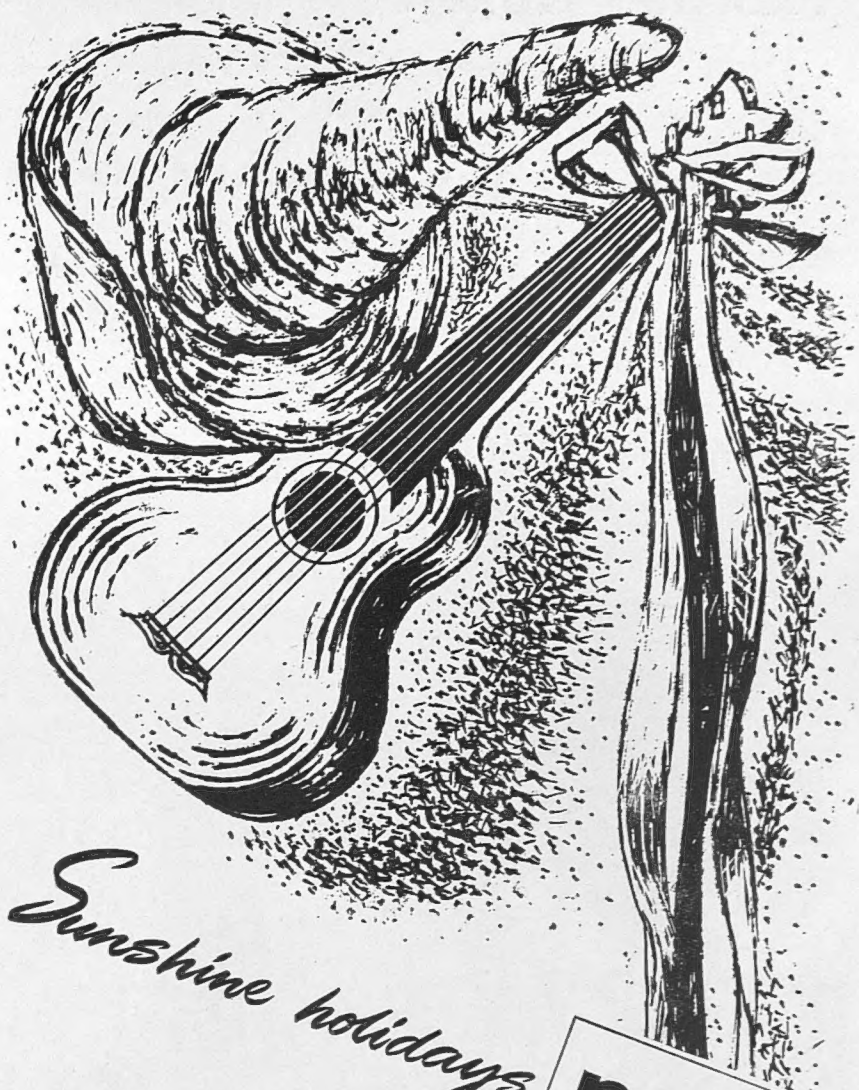

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BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

JANUARY has been a grim month of germs, microscopic, virulent and tenacious. Probably few of us have escaped their onslaught in one form or another, so let us now turn to that pleasant aftermath of being laid low—convalescence.

"Where can we go in February," writes a correspondent, "with some reasonable prospect of finding sunshine, warmth and comfort?" Clearly, I cannot guarantee the sunshine, but I can cite a number of hotels where I should be happy to convalesce myself.

Take, for instance, the south coast, where Sidmouth springs to my mind. There, sheltered between the red cliffs of South Devon, is a resort whose very reputation has been based on selectiveness and winter sunshine. "Come and be Spoilt!" is the theme-song of the *Victoria Hotel* there, and how it lives up to it! A sunny bedroom, a downy pillow, and by one's bedside a telephone and self-controlled radio. All your meals will be served in your bedroom if you wish and, indeed, both management and staff encourage complete relaxation for their guests before turning to the recreational amenities that the Victoria provides within and without. Yes, you will fare well at this hotel.

An alternative suggestion is the *Belmont Hotel*, again facing the sea and the sun. No dancing, no cocktail bar, no distractions to impede the way of recovery, is the Belmont policy. Just rest, relax and enjoy a type of comfort that is in keeping with an hotel which has for so many years been under the personal supervision of the Fitzgerald family.

Indeed, there is a high standard of hotel-keeping in Sidmouth, and I would single out the following for those who wish to convalesce at lower costs. The *Royal Glen Hotel*, a country house of Georgian characteristics, which is associated with Queen Victoria; the *Torbay Hotel*, a few paces from the sea-front, overlooking the verdant cricket ground, and the *Cedar Shade*, a twelve-bedroomed hotel in Vicarage Road, which is small enough to maintain the atmosphere of a home.

There are some people who prefer a more bracing climate when convalescing, and such might well consider *Knappe Cross Hotel*, which lies on high ground between Exmouth and Budleigh Salterton. Beautifully designed and attractively positioned, here it is good to enjoy the luxury of dwelling amidst furniture and furnishings which money cannot buy to-day. So Knappe Cross will well suit those who like the country, but at the same time appreciate the proximity of a seaside town.

And what of other districts? Obviously, when recovering from illness one does not wish to travel long distances, but there is hardly a county in which I could not suggest some seaside or country hotel where warmth, good fare, comfort and a personal touch would play their part in restoring good health. So, even in the fill-dyke month of February, perhaps you will write and ask me about them.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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